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The Nation.

December 11, 1982 $1.[illegible] 65p

EDITORIAL

MISSING THE COMPLEXITIES

"No From the P.L.O." said the headline on the *New York Times* editorial, a critique suggesting that the Palestinians had totally rejected the Reagan plan for a Middle East settlement.

Well, yes, the P.L.O. Central Council, meeting in Damascus late last month, did complain that the plan did not "satisfy the inalienable national rights of our people." But, as often happens, the situation is much less simple than *The Times* would have it. Thus:

☐ *The Times* itself reports that Arafat has resumed his "dialogue" with King Hussein.

☐ Reuters reports that Arafat says he would consider a federation with Jordan once an independent Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza is established.

☐ Egyptian officials say the P.L.O. may well consider participating in future peace negotiations with Israel as part of a Jordanian delegation.

☐ And *Le Monde* reports that a clear majority of the P.L.O.'s sixty-member Central Council favors "mutual recognition" between Israel and the P.L.O. and is hesitating only on when to make such a statement public.

The present P.L.O. leadership, it is true, is quite capable of foolish intransigence. Lost in fractious dispute, it may not display the wisdom of the majority of Palestinian people, who are prepared to abandon armed struggle and recognize Israel's right to exist. It may even hesitate too long and find its schemes dashed by the Begin government's headlong rush to colonize the West Bank.

But this does not remove the special obligation of the media—especially where nuance is critical and the press is one of the few channels of communication between warring parties—to convey the subtleties of delicate negotiations in all their complexity.

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Giff Johnson

TURKEY IN MILITARY HANDS
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A VIETNAMESE FRONT—IN AMERICA
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WHAT IS LESLIE FIEDLER?
Lennard J. Davis

DELILLO IS BACK
J. D. O'Hara

$50 BILLION THAT CAN GO

HOW TO CUT THE DEFENSE BUDGET—NOW

GORDON ADAMS AND DAVID GOLD

This promises to be the most important month for what may be the nation's most important military budget, as Congress tries to hammer out an appropriations measure for the Defense Department before the Christmas adjournment and the end of the current session. The House Appropriations Committee has been meeting in often lengthy sessions marked by clashes between representatives hoping to cut at least $11 billion from President Reagan's proposed $208 billion military budget (scheduled to rise to $245 billion for fiscal 1984) and Pentagon supporters anxious to preserve or enlarge the military's various projects and programs.

There is under way now in Washington—and to a great extent in the rest of the nation as well—the first serious debate over national security policies since the end of World War II. Some members of Congress and a growing number of citizens have begun to realize that the rapid increase in military spending under this Administration is creating a massive sense of national insecurity. Tension between the superpowers appears greater today than at any time since the Cuban missile crisis.

At the same time, a revived and politically potent defense lobby—combined with Washington's largest and most powerful bureaucracy, the Pentagon—has shown no signs of restraint, heady with the attitude that all weapons are necessary and all must be bought at once. The Defense Department's procurement process is spinning out of control, weapons costs are rising dramatically and Pentagon leaders seem unwilling to impose any limits or priorities.

(Continued on Page 622)

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LETTERS.

DREADFUL IS . . .

West Cornwall, Conn.

In his review of my novel on the air war in Laos ["Newsreel Novels," *The Nation*, Oct. 30], Arnold Klein writes: "In a word (and words must be used in literature), *The Bombing Officer* is dreadfully written."

Being called a dreadful writer by a man who could write that sentence is like being called ugly by a frog. *Jerome Doolittle*

ENOUGH SAID

Albuquerque, N.M.

More words would be required to fully respond to each inaccuracy contained in "A Public Utility 'Out of Control' " [*The Nation*, Oct. 2] than are contained in the lengthy, largely incorrect article itself. Perhaps Jan Knippers Black should not attempt to tackle issues as complex as those facing New Mexico when, as a holder of a political science doctorate, she cannot accurately differentiate between constitutional requirements and state law.

She's incorrect in her assumption that the New Mexico Constitution provides for the state's Public Service Commission. The New Mexico Public Service Commission is chartered instead under state law (section 62-3-1) to regulate businesses providing essential utility services. State statute, not the Constitution as believed by Black, requires the N.M.P.S.C. to uphold "public interest, the interest of consumers and the interest of investors." It's an extremely complex process and not the juggling act suggested by the word "balance," a word which Black incorrectly attributes to the Constitution through use of quote marks.

If Black cannot accurately decipher a basic and simple point within her own speciality, she should not pretend to provide credible interpretation of a large variety of extremely complex issues of which she obviously knows little. Need I say more? *Gayland Bryant*
Director, Public Information
Public Service Company of New Mexico

P.S. Black is not an instructor as the word "teaches" indicates in her biographical sketch. The University of New Mexico has her listed as a visiting lecturer, not professor or instructor.

BLACK REPLIES

Albuquerque, N.M.

That Gayland Bryant would grasp at straws in an effort to discredit my article is hardly surprising. The triviality of his point only underscores his inability to challenge the substance of the article, which was that the Public Service Company of New Mexico, like so many other public utility monopolies around the country, has been allowed to take unfair advantage of captive ratepayers.

As for the P.S., Bryant is simply misinformed. My principal title is Research Associate Professor of Public Administration, but I also teach courses in political science. *Jan Knippers Black*

THE SOURCES OF ACID RAIN

Columbus, Ohio

In his article on Canada, the United States and acid rain ["Reagan Inc. Dumps on Canada," *The Nation*, Sept. 4] Robert Sherrill submits that Canadian-U.S. relations are deteriorating due to the lack of U.S. cooperation on controlling pollutants believed to cause acid rain. Sherrill bases his position on the simplistic theory that "chemical pollutants are belched into the atmosphere and, after being carried away on northbound winds, mix with moisture and come down as acid rain." What he overlooks are scientific reports and recent findings that give a broader, less simplistic view.

First, in a speech on October 30, 1981, Edward C. Krug, assistant soil scientist at the Connecticut Agricultural Station, stated: "My research indicates that many of the upland lakes and streams in the Adirondacks and elsewhere in the Northeast are undergoing acidification because of land-use changes. . . ."

Second, Dr. Kenneth A. Rahn of the University of Rhode Island summarized his experiments as follows: "Instead of a monolithic Midwestern source, the Northeast is now seen to have a rich variety of sources and transport, a complexity that was totally unanticipated: The Sudbury plume can be detected after transport across the entire Northeast; the Southeast pollutes New England; the East Coast pollutes itself considerably. Ironically, the Midwestern source that we had expected to find the most easily has proven the hardest to detect."

. . . Canada operates one of the best known sources of sulfur dioxide emissions on the North American continent. The International Nickel copper smelter at Sudbury, Ontario, emits between 1 and 3 percent of all the sulfur dioxide released in North America. A Canadian government report, "Acid Sensitivity Survey of Lakes in Ontario," shows 266 lakes out of 1,500 studied to be either acidified or extremely sensitive to acid precipitation. All but one acidified lake and six extremely sensitive lakes lie within 250 miles of the Sudbury smelter.

While Canada demands that U.S. electric utilities install expensive "scrubbers" to decrease sulfur dioxide emissions, the *Toronto Globe and Mail* reported on July 20 that "an Ontario Hydro official said the utility plans to defer for up to seven years a $240-million plan to reduce acid rain because of the loss of a major export deal and the North American recession." In that same article Adele Hurley, lobbyist for the Canadian Coalition on Acid Rain, said the deferment means "Hydro is pulling back on a commitment. . . . Scrubbers were a symbol of good faith by the people of Ontario in dealings with the United States."

In that same vein, Canadian exhaust standards for passenger cars are far less strict than U.S. standards. The 1981 exhaust standard for cars in Canada is 3.1 grams per mile. The U.S. standard is 1 gram per mile.

And a September 17 letter from eight prominent U.S. senators to their colleagues reports that "based upon the testimony received by the Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources, August 19, 1982, and other evidence supplied for the record, it is clear that there are some areas for agreement within the scientific community about the origin, causes, and effects of acid precipitation, but more importantly there are major areas of disagreement and uncertainty." They came to this conclusion because: (1) "atmospheric models are not adequate to judge the amount of acid deposition that originates in a particular state or region"; (2) "other substances in the atmosphere—such as ozone, nitrogen oxides, reactive hydrocarbons and various oxidizing agents—may be controlling the chemistry by which nitrogen and sulfur oxides are converted into acid deposition"; and (3) "we simply do not know what degree of required reductions may be necessary and whether these reductions should come primarily from long distance sources rather than sources in the states or regions where reductions may be required."

All of the information, except the senators' letter, was available to Sherrill before the article went to press. Apparently he chose to ignore it. I hope your readers will have a chance to learn of these facts as well as Sherrill's opinions. *William G. Loftus*
Senior Vice President, Public Affairs
American Electric Power

A VOTE FOR EDUCATION SCHOOLS

Philadelphia

Let me second George Wood's October 23 letter responding to Jean Bethke Elshtain's proposal to close schools of education and let teachers learn by emulation ["Time to Politicize the Schools," *The Nation*, Sept. 25]. I became and remain dean of a school of education for the same reason that I became and remain a reader of *The Nation* (since 1946). Our society needs the focusing of critical intelligence and involvement to which both contribute. *Dell H. Hymes*
Dean, School of Education
University of Pennsylvania

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Manager,* Carole Kraemer; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Gertrude Silverston; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Subscription Manager,* Stephen W. Soule; *Circulation Assistant,* Patty Peltekos; *Classified,* Virginia Cannon; *Director of Development and Publicity,* Laurie Lipper; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1982 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. *Subscription Mail Address:* Nation Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $35; two years, $65; six months, $17.50. Add $7 per year postage Canada, Mexico; $13 per year other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days of publication date; back issues available $3 prepaid ($4 foreign). **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries should be sent to: *The Nation,* Subscription Services, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305.

EDITORIALS.

The 'Strong Dollar'

The latest round of GATT talks ended at the end of November in uneasy compromise between Washington's free-market ideologues and Europe's realists. The official U.S. position is that free markets are fair and efficient. The Europeans know this to be nonsense—that free markets are really free-for-alls that are always won by the most economically powerful, usually the United States. But because they have to coexist with the U.S. giant, they compromised.

These latest talks made clear once again the errancy of the course of the eighty-eight GATT nations. They are dickering about protectionism and quotas in the face of a global trade and financial crisis of unprecedented scope. What is necessary is not another dibble-dabble tea party among the members of this exclusive club but a serious economic conference—a financial Versailles—that would address the real issues of the world today: growing Third World debt, financial instability, North-South inequality and inequitable trading relationships.

As a first step, the GATT nations ought to address themselves to coordinating international exchange rates and lowering the international price of the U.S. dollar. For it is the high price of the dollar that is more to blame for the latest woes of America's steel and auto industries than government subsidies in France or West Germany or Japan. And a step-by-step reduction in the value of the dollar would do more to stem the current dangerous tendency toward unilateral protectionism than any GATT negotiations.

The dollar has been rising in value on foreign exchange markets for the last two years, shooting up in recent months to record highs. That may be fine if you're buying French wine, vacationing in Italy or purchasing a Toyota. But for

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American workers it is just one more nail in the coffin.

There are three reasons for this record "strong dollar," as they call it in the currency markets.

☐ High U.S. interest rates. High rates attract money like the Bahamas attract banks, so capitalists everywhere want to invest in the United States just now. But first they have to buy dollars, and that bids up the price of U.S. currency.

☐ Lower inflation. With American prices moving down, dollar-denominated investments are attractive because investors know the real value of their assets will not be eroded by inflation.

☐ Foreign flight. Wealthy people around the world, fearful that progressive political movements may take power and tax or confiscate their investments, send their money to America, one of the last refuges for "homeless, tempest-tossed" capital.

The blame for all this lies at the door of the Federal Reserve System, working as usual on behalf of the international banking system. And it will continue until that banking system (perhaps through the creation of a U.S. or international people's bank) is empowered to control exchange rates and the global flow of capital. Only then can the next steps be taken toward world economic stability. That is where the next round of GATT talks should point.

Whose Crisis?

It seemed propitious to us, around the time of the draft pastoral letter of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, that a new Catholic publication was announced. Called *Catholicism in Crisis*, it had something of the ring of the old *Christianity and Crisis*, the distinguished magazine started four decades ago by Protestant theologian (and one-time contributing editor of *The Nation*) Reinhold Niebuhr.

Imagine, then, our chagrin when we read in *Time* magazine that one of the founders (and now executive editor) of the new publication was the conservative Michael Novak, known for his antagonism not only to the bishops' moves for peace but to practically all of the church's progressive efforts in recent years. This hardly seemed to be in the Niebuhr tradition, but *Time* quotes Novak as assuring us that Niebuhr, too, had started his magazine because "a well-intentioned cry of peace has made war more likely." What *Time* neglected to note (but what the editors of *Christianity and Crisis* have pointed out) is that conditions are somewhat different today from those Niebuhr faced when he attempted to overcome the appeal of pacifism in the years before America's entry into World War II.

Not to mention that Niebuhr above all would be alert to the difference; as he wrote in the 1960s, when America was involved in the Vietnam War, "The problem of indiscriminate pacifism . . . has given way to the problem of curbing pure force in the international realm." That is the problem that is still with us today.

Now comes the first issue of *Catholicism in Crisis*, along with a press release which attributes its heritage less to Niebuhr's magazine than to the liberal journal *Commonweal*, "founded in large part" in response to the crisis of "the Spanish War." In fact, *Commonweal* was founded in 1924, twelve years before the Spanish Civil War, but nevertheless we called *Commonweal* for comment. Executive editor Peter Steinfels, who in his other life is the author of the definitive text on neoconservatives, said:

"I'm not sure if the first issue has demonstrated that *Catholicism in Crisis* has any distinctive purpose. All the decent articles in it could have easily been published in *Commonweal*, and I'm sure *The American Spectator* would have snatched up the rest. On the other hand, anything that distracts Michael Novak from writing about economics is definitely a plus for American intellectual life."

Militarizing Palau

In the late 1930s, when Japan fortified the Micronesian islands in preparation for World War II, it told the inhabitants that the bases it was building would protect them. Instead, the bases proved to be magnets for American attacks, which brought death to the islanders and devastation to the lush volcanic islands in a war the Micronesians wanted no part of.

From this experience, there is a saying in the Palau Islands: "When soldiers come, war comes." The Palau Islands, in the western part of Micronesia not far from the Philippines, are administered today as a U.N. trusteeship by the United States, and this time it is the Americans who are promising to protect the Palauans by establishing bases.

Palau has voted for the world's first Constitution banning nuclear weapons, but this is being superseded by the United States, which plans to build a network of military installations on 30 percent of Palau's 17-square-mile territory. Those installations, in addition to bases elsewhere in Micronesia, will allow the United States "to reach the Philippines, Indonesia, Australia and the Indian Ocean by the shortest routes," stated a Pentagon spokesman recently. The generals appear to be setting the stage for future intervention in Asia.

The legal cover for the U.S. move is a "Compact of Free Association," which U.S. Presidential representative Fred Zeder worked out this August with the special Palauan negotiator, Lazarus Salii. If approved by Palauan voters early next year, it will end the islands' status as a trust territory but fall far short of granting independence. It would give long-term military control to the United States in exchange for substantial economic aid.

Palau has been part of the Pentagon's Asian planning since the early 1970s. In 1972 the military outlined the specifics of what it wanted: 32,000 acres on Babeldaob Island for jungle warfare training and nuclear weapons storage; rights of way for landing craft and troops on "assault" training maneuvers; the right to train foreign troops, possibly in an Asian counterpart of the Army's training school in Panama for the armed forces of Latin American dictators; and the use of the principal port

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as a transit base for nuclear submarines and warships.

In late 1972, more than fifty traditional and elected leaders went on record opposing the U.S. scheme: "The people of Palau have no desire to have military installations and personnel in Palauan land in the future because this could result in suffering for human beings within and without Palau."

Discontent built in the islands until in 1979 a popularly elected constitutional convention drew up a charter banning the storage, transit and use of nuclear weapons and waste and other hazardous materials "without the express approval of not less than 3/4 of the votes cast in a referendum submitted on this specific question." That proposed Constitution also barred the government from using eminent-domain powers for the benefit of a "foreign entity," a provision clearly aimed at blocking the United States from using land for military purposes.

The State Department reacted quickly, asserting the nuclear ban "would create problems of the utmost gravity for the U.S." It demanded that the Constitution be modified. Under pressure, the Palau legislature voted to void the Constitution and cancel a referendum on it.

A grass-roots group of constitutional convention members, teachers, students and traditional leaders then formed the Peoples Committee for the Palau Constitution to press for the original document. In defiance of the legislature, it carried out the referendum with U.N. supervision, and the Constitution was ratified by a majority of 92 percent.

Despite the vote, the American chief justice of the trust territory upheld the legislature's nullification of the Constitution. The legislature then appointed nine people to redraft the Constitution, deleting all provisions objectionable to the United States, and promilitary businessmen and U.S.-supported legislators led a well-funded campaign to win popular support for the revised document. But in that October's referendum, 70 percent of the voters rejected it. The original Constitution was brought back for a vote the next year and 78 percent of the islanders approved it.

Nevertheless, ignoring this clear mandate, the United States continued negotiations—which have spanned four Washington Administrations—on the Compact of Free Association. This August it won its terms at last. The Constitution is without effect.

The United States is sure the compact will be approved next year, and Pentagon officials have even surveyed sites for future bases. But it may not be so easy—grass-roots opposition is strong. One writer gives this example: "Aichi Kumangai, the village magistrate of Ngardmau, told me how he was visited by military officials in 1980. His clan owns half the land that the Pentagon has designated for munitions storage. The officials explained their plan for fencing off the area they wanted. They also warned the villagers that they would have to stay at least three miles away whenever munitions were being loaded or unloaded. Kumangai told me that the people of Ngardmau objected immediately and that they remain opposed to the plan."

Indeed they do. "We lived through World War II," said an elderly woman in Ngardmau, "and we don't want any form of military to come. What's wrong with our life today? We go fishing and to our garden and get food and cook it. If you need some money you take your vegetables to market. What's the matter with this?" Another summed it up succinctly: "The military plans for Palau are very threatening to us."

GIFF JOHNSON

Giff Johnson is a freelance writer who recently returned from a three-month research trip through Micronesia. He is on the staff of the Pacific Concerns Resource Center, a coordinating center for the Nuclear Free and Independent Pacific Movement, in Honolulu.

Erving Goffman

The end of *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, a book as excruciating in its dissection of the ruses and gambits for self-presentation in our time as Balzac's *Lost Illusions* was in his, contains a characteristic Erving Goffman gesture. Throughout the book he has been courting an elaborate theatrical metaphor for human behavior. He now empties that metaphor to comment on his use of it: "And so here the language and mask of the stage will be dropped. Scaffolds, after all, are to build other things with and should be erected with an eye to taking them down."

Goffman's death last month threatens to remove an important scaffold for those of us who have relied heavily upon his work for our vision of the world: it allows us to consider the possibility of relapse, of retreat into a world of more digestible explanations of human motivation, whether they be historical, political, psychological or ethical. For the fact is that Goffman lived so close to the discomforts of his truths that even his most avid readers might welcome the chance to embrace perspectives that offer something at once more easeful and more systematic.

And yet for all its ruthlessness there is something inspiring, even arresting, in Goffman's accomplishment. His procedure was the essence of humility—no rigid methodology, no pronouncements, no self-aggrandizement. And that procedure was matched by a prose style almost beautiful for its absence of rhetorical tricks.

Goffman's single-minded, penetrating, even loving exposure of what we do to and with one another never strayed into any of the seductive avenues which invited him to instant fame and accessibility. He knew only the need and the possibility of tracking down our deepest stratagems, of answering, without invoking metaphysics or ideology, our most profound questions of who and what and how we are.

Nontherapeutic in an age of therapy, noncreedal in an age of creeds, nonmethodological in an age of methods, Goffman created for our age one of the few significant testimonies to the meaning and value of being human.

ELIZABETH POCHODA AND PHILIP POCHODA

Elizabeth Pochoda is an editor of Vanity Fair. *Philip Pochoda is editorial director at Doubleday.*

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Washington

If, like me, you come from a country that has no constitution and therefore no amendments, it is oddly impressive to see mountainous black policemen stolidly defending the civil rights of the Ku Klux Klan. The events of November 27, which have upset people here so much, began a few blocks from my front door and ended downtown at McPherson Square. As the bottles started to fly, the crowd surged past the office of the United States Commission on Civil Rights, and I wondered if it was going to become an accidental victim. In the same week, it had issued a report far more depressing and certainly far more combustible than anything the wretched misfits of the Klan could have generated.

The report concerns unemployment and underemployment among blacks, Hispanics and women, and since it has received such paltry attention, I'll give you its main thesis:

"The role of discrimination, if any, cannot be statistically ascertained. If, however, disparities are persistent, and the other possible causes described above are shown to be inadequate explanations, this would serve as a basis for hypothesizing that discrimination continues."

The report is carefully phrased, as you can see. It makes no starting assumption about discrimination. But as it goes on, it builds up a convincing and sobering momentum.

The existence and persistence of disparities is easy to establish. White male unemployment is less than 10 percent. It is over 15 percent for Hispanics and well over 20 percent for blacks. Black unemployment, in fact, is comparable to the level it was for all races during the Great Depression. As Vernon Jordan, former president of the National Urban League, put it recently: "There are today more than half a million more black people unemployed than at the time of the march on Washington." Female unemployment is not as alarming as this, but it has been on the increase in recent years.

That picture duplicates itself when underemployment is considered. The stability of the job, the rate for the job, the dignity of the job—all these qualities seem to be further from the reach of women and minorities *even when they have painfully acquired the relevant skills and training.*

Clarence Pendleton, who was after all Ronald Reagan's personal choice to head the Civil Rights Commission, put the problem like this:

"We found that these employment disparities are so pervasive that they exist virtually everywhere, at every age level, at every educational level, at every skill level. Some economists have claimed that disparities in employment are due to certain economic conditions, or to the younger age minority populations, or to lower educational or skill levels of minorities and women, or to regional differences in the economy. But when the report looks closely at these factors, to see whether they could account for the employment disparities measured, they could not." By "some economists," Pendleton is politely indicating the favorite academics of the Reagan Administration.

The report has an excellently lucid appendix, setting out the statistical methods and "weightings" used. It shows quite clearly that "even when blacks of the same age and with more education compete with whites, blacks are likely either to be unemployed or underemployed." Carefully, the report shows that, whether you slice it by age group, by urban dweller versus rural, by boom or slump, by Sun Belt or inner city, the only consistent reason for the disparity is discrimination. All the alternative explanations are simply unfounded. This research justifies, if it does not actually necessitate, the conclusion of the authors that the "work ethic" and so on are side issues and that "instead, we must try to end discrimination directly by enforcing the law."

Well, what chance has that? Even in a crowded week one might have thought that the White House would have some comment on a report from its own Civil Rights Commission that makes nonsense of its social policy. When I rang the White House press office nearly seven days after the report was published, I was told that all hands were in California for the holidays and that none of the duty officers were competent to comment. Two days later the office reopened. I tried again and couldn't find anybody who had read the report. Maybe the President had seen it, or then again maybe he hadn't. It "could have been going to come up at the Cabinet council meeting that didn't take place." Why didn't I try the Justice Department? The Justice Department kept telling me to call the Commission on Civil Rights, but I explained I'd already been there and was looking for an Administration comment. The "Mr. Wilson" who was announced as the man in the know at Justice turned out rather disarmingly not to have heard of the report. "We only deal with public employers here. Have you tried the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission?" I tried them. They said they would call me back. I'm still waiting.

* * *

Senator Kennedy's press conference last week was a hard place to ask an awkward question. The room was packed with staff and other flatterers, who applauded opportunely, and only ten minutes were allowed for questions. Still, at least the man was for once unequivocal. He won't run, and he won't be drafted.

This leaves the Democratic left without a candidate to speak of, but it relieves it of the obligation to campaign for somebody who, if nominated, is unelectable. Kennedy is the most popular Democrat and the most unpopular one. (Of course, the same could have been said about Reagan.) But, since he cannot be king, or won't be, and since he has no great admirers or even friends among the remaining candidates, he might enjoy a spell as kingmaker.

The Senator loves to tease and flirt, so he needn't be out of the public eye for long. Speculating about an object for his attention, I suggest he put all his bulk behind Daniel Patrick Moynihan. We need another Irish pseudo-radical to keep the troops in line, and Moynihan would make an ideal vice presidential candidate. Also, he prefers drinking to philandering.

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CALVIN TRILLIN

"You look mad. Did something bad happen at school?"

"Daddy, this rotten kid in my class said that you're a dupe of the Communists. I told him you're *not* a dupe—you just do dupey things sometimes, like barking like a dog in public."

"Not dupey—dopey."

"Why did he say you're a dupe?"

"It has to do with a literary dispute."

"I didn't know you were literary. If you're literary, why does Mommy have to explain foreign movies to you?"

"It's too complicated for a little girl to understand."

"That's what you always say if I ask you about a movie before Mommy has explained it to you."

"All right. I'll try to explain. A writer named Jerzy Kosinski came here from Poland, and within a few years he was spending a lot of time at fancy dinner parties with movie stars and dress designers and countesses from New Jersey and the editors of *The New York Times*—and that was good because it was a refutation of the vile ethnic slur that Poles don't catch on quickly. Apparently, one of the reasons he was so popular at dinner parties was that he told very entertaining little fibs about growing up in Poland."

"You mean the way you tell little fibs about growing up in Kansas City? Like how the American Hereford Association building has a bull on top of it whose heart and liver light up at night?"

"Well, on the Hereford bull issue, I'd just like to say—"

"Maybe we could talk about the Hereford bull later."

"O.K. Well, the dress designers just smiled at the little fibs, because they hear little fibs on Seventh Avenue all the time—about how soon the garments will be delivered and when the check was put in the mail and that sort of thing. Unfortunately for Kosinski, though, the editors of *The New York Times* must have taken him seriously."

"I thought newspaper editors were supposed to be skeptical, Daddy."

"Only of people who are not invited to the same dinner parties. Barbara Gelb, whose husband is one of the most important *Times* editors at any dinner table, wrote an article on Kosinski for the *Times* magazine that was so gushy that some people—myself included, I'm afraid—commented on how fortunate she had been that he had restrained himself from telling her that he was, in point of fact, the long lost Princess Anastasia."

"Anastasia of Russia? Is that where the Communists come in?"

"No, no. What happened was that *The Village Voice* ran an article showing that some of the stories Barbara Gelb had swallowed—like Kosinski's story about how he got out of Poland—were what literary people call Easter Bunny stuff. The real point of the *Village Voice* article, though, was to claim that Kosinski got a little help with his novels, the way I sometimes give you a little help with your homework."

"I hope he at least found people who understand math."

"Well, it turned out that nobody but *The Village Voice* seemed much interested in whether Kosinski got a little help with his novels or not. In a few months, everyone had forgotten all about it—except, unfortunately for Kosinski, the editors of *The New York Times*, who must have been very embarrassed about the Easter Bunny stuff. They got someone to do a very long article on Kosinski's enemies that read like the sort of article Jack Valenti might have written in 1967 on the enemies of Lyndon B. Johnson. It said that all of the suspicion about Kosinski's not writing his own books had been planted by a wicked Polish Communist. Then William Safire wrote a column in *The Times* saying that the left-wing literati were picking on Kosinski just because he had criticized *The Nation*'s Writers Congress and didn't conform to 'prevailing leftist maunderings.'"

"What does 'maunderings' mean?"

"I'm not quite sure."

"How can you be one of the literati if you don't even know what 'maunderings' means?"

"So far, that's my best defense."

"And, Daddy, Mommy said you fell asleep at *The Nation*'s Writers Congress."

"There's another defense right there."

"Well, how did Kosinski really get out of Poland?"

"My theory is that Oscar and Françoise de la Renta phoned him in Warsaw and asked him to dinner. The regime gave him what they call a 'dinner-party visa,' because they figured that if they allowed Kosinski to go to the de la Rentas he would get in with a fancy crowd. Then if the Polish economy was about to collapse and Solidarity threatened and the Russian Army was at the border, they could at least launch an international Communist plot to smear the Gelbs as social climbers."

"Listen, Daddy, you're not talking to *The New York Times* now, so don't try any of that Easter Bunny stuff. Did you ever meet this wicked Polish Communist?"

"A man sleeping next to me at the Writers Congress had a sort of foreign look, but he may have just been a hippy."

"Then who do you think has been spreading the rumors that Kosinski didn't write his own books?"

"I just this moment realized: it may have been Kosinski."

"Kosinski!"

"Of course Kosinski. Have you read the reviews of his last few books?"

"You're talking to a little girl, Daddy. I don't keep up with reviews. Now, if I had someone who understood math helping me with my homework, I might have time—"

"Never mind. I'll tell you: the black plague got a more respectful reception. Why didn't I see it before? This way, Kosinski gets paid for the books and someone else gets blamed for writing them."

"Just wait till I get to school tomorrow. I'm going to tell that rotten kid a thing or two."

"What are you going to tell him?"

"I'm going to tell him you're a dupe of Jerzy Kosinski."

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ARTICLES.

NEW CONSTITUTION, OLD PROBLEMS

Turkey in the Generals' Hands

JOSEPH B. TREASTER

It was a warm, clear summer afternoon in a working-class section of Istanbul, the amber hour before dark. A two-tone sedan screeched to a halt. Four young men wearing black hoods jumped out, Kalashnikov rifles blazing. A hardware store owner fell wounded. A traffic policeman crumpled with a chest full of bullets. The street fell silent and the gunmen's car lurched away.

Inside Sevket Aslan's coffeehouse, customers cowered under the tables. Aslan's wife fainted. Only a short time earlier three young men with pistols had barged into the coffeehouse next door and, as the patrons watched, killed the owner with a single shot to the base of the skull.

"Every day there was something," Aslan says. "If not a shooting or a bomb, then there were always beatings."

It was August 1980. Turkey, a country of 45 million people, was tearing itself apart. It was not quite a civil war, everyone said. But one had to strain to find a more accurate description. It was very bloody: in three years more than 5,000 men, women and children had been killed.

Shortly after midnight on September 12, 1980, the commanders of the Turkish armed forces, led by Chief of Staff Gen. Kenan Evren, seized power. Tanks filled the streets and soldiers with bayonets began rounding up suspected terrorists. Within a few days the country was calm. No longer were city streets deserted by 8 or 9 at night. Shops and cinemas and restaurants went back to their usual late hours.

For most people, Sevket Aslan recalls, "it was like a holiday. We hugged one another in celebration. We were saved."

When the junta abolished political activity, banned strikes and other trade union activities, and threatened to close down newspapers if they did not censor themselves, there was little public reaction. Nor was there any outcry when the authorities arrested as many as 100,000 people as suspected terrorists, more than 26,000 of whom are still being held. Nor when—according to Amnesty International and some Turkish journalists and intellectuals—there was an increase in the torture that Amnesty had already found "widespread and systematic" before the coup. The great center of the population, those who had tried to go on about their lives as the violence engulfed them, sincerely believed that the recklessness of politicians, union leaders, academics, students and the press had brought the country to the edge of ruin. They assumed the generals were doing what had to be done.

Social Democrats in Europe, the disempowered politicians of Turkey and the country's small intellectual community predicted that the junta's curtailment of civil liberties coupled with wage freezes and other austerities would eventually create a backlash. But so far that has not happened.

Last month, in fact, the Turks overwhelmingly approved a new Constitution that at the same time provided that the 65-year-old Evren would be automatically elected president of the nation. The Constitution also created a presidential council composed of the four other members of the junta, forbade former politicians from participating in politics for ten years and imposed a number of other restrictions on Turkish political life.

The referendum was approved by more than 90 percent of the voters. But how much it was an endorsement of the military leaders, as Evren contended, was obscured by the heavy-handedness with which it was presented.

Long before the military takeover, Evren had won the hearts of the majority of Turks by repeatedly urging the elected leaders to restore order; he was seen as a selfless patriot in contrast to the petty, equivocating politicians. Furthermore, he is handsome and well spoken and comes across as a forceful but still kindhearted father figure, very much in the image of the beloved, practically canonized founder of the republic, Mustafa Kemal Ataturk. Women murmur about him as if he were a movie star. The betting had always been that Evren would eventually be elected president, and by a large margin. So it was widely believed that the reason for linking his selection as president to what he knew to be an unpopular Constitution was to guarantee its acceptance rather than to assure office for himself. Either way, the electorate was given one vote with which to determine two important issues.

But that was not enough. Evren banned criticism of the document and mounted a personal campaign to explain it at rallies around the country and in television and radio addresses. "Trust me," he told the people. "If you do not want to relive those dark days of terrorism and anarchy, vote 'yes' for the Constitution." He also arranged that ballots would be placed in nearly transparent envelopes at the polling places so that election officials could see the voters' choices as they cast them. Voting was not mandatory, the generals said, but those who did not turn out for the referendum would lose the right to vote for the next five years.

Evren told the people that the referendum was the first step in returning the country to democracy. Next the Consultative Assembly—a body of conservative, older men who were appointed by the military and who drafted the Constitution—is to write new laws governing elections and political parties. At the latest, Evren said, elections for Parliament will be held in the spring of 1984. Until then, the junta will remain in place, with Evren carrying the titles

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President, Chief of Staff and Chairman of the National Security Council.

The turmoil in Turkey that the generals came to power to end had its beginnings on university campuses in the late 1960s with students protesting for educational and social reforms. Extreme right-wing politicians organized paramilitary training camps to counter what they perceived as the left's threat to the traditional Turkish way of life. Soon the left and the right were bombing and shooting each other and both were fighting the police. Islamic fundamentalists who felt persecuted in the secular state that Ataturk had built took up arms, too, and so did Kurdish tribesmen who wanted to establish an independent state.

Most Turks were poor—the 1980 per capita income was $1,070—and the bulk of the country's money was in the hands of only 20 percent of the people. Farm families drawn to the cities could not find affordable housing and ended up living in shacks without running water or electricity. Young people in the huge slums who could not find work were ready recruits for the revolutionary organizations. The great oil crunch that began in the mid-1970s caused more unemployment, price rises and shortages of all kinds of imports, from light bulbs to toilet paper.

Turkey became so polarized that even the police were joining revolutionary or right-wing organizations. The elected leaders bickered and complained but they could not rein in the chaos.

A significant part of the problem was the Constitution that had been in effect since 1961. Its system of proportional representation made it impossible for any party to muster a majority in Parliament. Every government in the nineteen years preceding the coup had been a coalition. In order to put together a coalition, a potential prime minister had to promise appointments and make commitments to fringe radicals. This fragmented power made it difficult to conduct any business at all, let alone put out the fires of a dozen insurgencies, many of which were being fed by the very radicals with whom the prime minister had made deals.

For months before the coup, ordinary citizens were literally praying for military intervention, hoping for someone to take charge. This is a country where the military has never been seen as the enemy—indeed, the Turks trace their ancestry to warrior tribes. Military service is mandatory for men; the army is where many learn to read and write and it is seen as a place to get ahead. The army is one of the country's largest employers and, through investments, controls a considerable amount of industry.

In the name of the Ottoman Empire, troops dispatched from Istanbul conquered much of the Middle East and Europe. When the empire crumbled after World War I, it was a young captain who seized power and created the Republic of Turkey, separating church and state, declaring his enthusiasm for democracy and facilitating communication with the West by abolishing the flowing Arabic script in which the Koran was written and replacing it with the Roman alphabet. Ataturk designated the military as the guardians of Turkey, sort of the uncles who would always be in the wings as the Turks struggled with the cumbersome building of democracy. The military took that to heart. And so did the people.

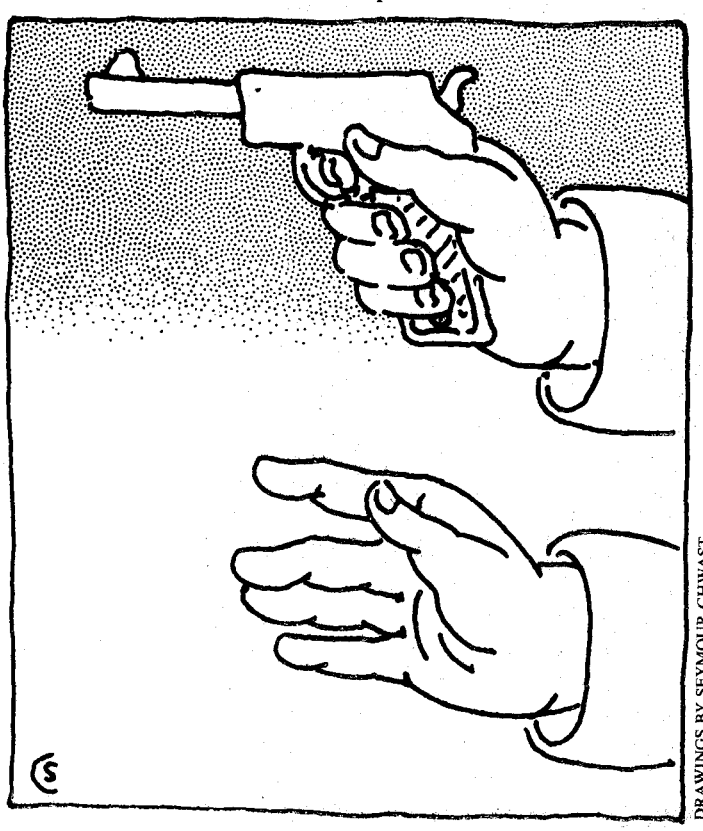
Twice before in Turkey's experiment with democracy the military had intervened. It had returned power to the civilians both times, and most Turks were convinced it would do so again.

Torture has been an ugly tradition in Turkey, and the best evidence is that the military has been sticking with tradition. One prominent lawyer told me he personally knew 100 torture victims. Amnesty International has obtained dozens of statements from people who say they were subjected to electric shocks with live wires connected to their genitals and breasts, or beaten on the soles of their bare feet with sticks and pipes, or hung by their arms for eight or nine hours, or buried naked in snowbanks after being slapped and punched. Others have told the human rights organization of being forced to eat human excrement and of being sexually humiliated by guards and other prisoners.

In response to reports from Amnesty, the government acknowledged last March that fifteen persons have died as a result of torture. The human rights organization says it has been told by relatives and friends of victims of more than eighty deaths from torture.

Many Turkish lawyers and journalists say that every government in Turkey has used torture but that prosecution of at least some of the torturers sets the present regime apart. So far, however, only about a dozen policemen have been punished.

Turkish government officials say they do not condone torture, but some seem exasperated when foreigners express concern about the treatment of prisoners.



DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

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One morning in his office in Ankara, Gen. Nevzat Bolugiray, the army officer in charge of hunting down the last of the terrorists, and the martial law commander in the southern city of Adana during the period before the coup, said he felt Westerners were unable to comprehend "the bitter terrorism that Turkey has experienced."

In Adana, he said, there wasn't enough time in the day to collect all the corpses and attend all the funerals. "Terrorists were being killed. University professors were being killed. Lawyers, doctors, members of the security forces. And, of course, killing among members of the security forces created such a reaction that sometimes we could not stop the men from torturing the suspects they were capturing. This is only one example from the region of Adana, but this is valid for all of Turkey.

"I don't tell you this seeking tolerance for torture," he said, "but only to explain the reason for some individual cases. The most important thing is that all persons in charge of governing Turkey condemn torture. Each allegation is being investigated. If a patrolman beats Mr. X and the person does not complain, how can we know? But every account that reaches us is being investigated."

Delegations of European officials have trooped through Turkey to investigate conditions. Invariably they have lambasted the generals when they returned home. The European Economic Community and several individual countries, including Denmark and West Germany, have suspended financial aid until they see signs that democracy is being restored. The Council of Europe, an organization of twenty-one non-Communist countries, has been particularly outspoken against the torture.

The United States, for its part, has remained a strong supporter of the military regime. Turkey, which fronts on the Black Sea and shares more than 200 miles of border with the Soviet Union, has for decades been important to the United States as a place to maintain missiles and airfields and electronic surveillance gear. With the demise of the Shah of Iran and the loss of the intelligence outposts there, Turkey's importance escalated. This year Turkey received $703 million in U.S. aid, and next year the figure is expected to reach $815 million, including $465 million for military purposes.

Even before the generals took power, a plan to revive Turkey's economy had been put into effect by Turgut Ozal, a 55-year-old engineer who is a disciple of Milton Friedman and an advocate of his free market theories. Ozal, who was immediately made a deputy prime minister by the generals, eliminated most government subsidies to industry, freed interest rates, devalued the Turkish lira, provided incentives to exporters and encouraged them to seek new markets in the Middle East.

These steps have reduced inflation from a peak of 133 percent in February 1980 to about 30 percent today. With strikes and slowdowns forbidden, Turkey's factories are working at about 85 percent of capacity. Exports of textiles, cement, fresh fruits, vegetables and many other commodities are up, and Turkey has also been earning billions of dollars with construction projects in the Arab states. An economy that had been sinking is again beginning to grow.

Times are still hard, however, for most people, particularly those in the cities. There no longer are shortages of goods, but devaluation and the loss of subsidies have priced many things out of reach, and the high cost of borrowing has discouraged purchases of such major items as cars and houses. The unemployment rate has been running about 20 percent.

Before the coup, some of the most persistent violence took place in the poor, working-class sections on the edges of the cities. In a bare coffeehouse in one of those neighborhoods in Istanbul, a butcher, a factory worker, a teacher and a switchboard operator recalled the evening that machine gun bullets shattered the front windows, killing one man and wounding five others. A few days later, they said, a tailor up the hill was killed. Not long afterward, the butcher across the street was gunned down.

These days, they don't worry about being shot. They are concerned about their pocketbooks. Work has not been steady and they have to stretch their money. Still, they have no complaints about Evren and his colleagues.

"Even if there is a problem making a living and it is a little harder now," the butcher said, "it's calm and peaceful. There is no fear."

His preference, the factory worker said, was for democracy with civilians in charge. But, he said, "most of all, we want a government that will not recreate the past." □

STILL FIGHTING THE VIETNAM WAR

The Vietnamese Front–in America

STEPHEN TALBOT

Pham Van Lieu and his family, who fled Vietnam in 1975, live in a comfortable home in Sacramento, California. Lieu has become an American citizen. His wife works full time. His children wear "Star Wars" T-shirts, designer jeans and Adidas; they speak fluent, unaccented English. By all appearances, the family has adjusted to life in its new country.

But Pham Van Lieu is not really at ease in America. His heart and mind are still in Saigon. Lieu has fought Communism all his adult life: as a soldier in the French colonial army fighting Ho Chi Minh; as a helicopter assault force commander against the Vietcong; and as director of the national police force in South Vietnam in the mid-1960s. He is still fighting it now. For Pham Van Lieu, the war in Vietnam did not end in 1975.

Lieu, who prefers to be addressed as "Colonel," is one of the leaders of the National United Front for the Liberation of Vietnam, which claims right now to be waging a small-

Stephen Talbot produces documentaries for PBS in San Francisco.

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scale guerrilla war against the Vietnamese government. Last February, Lieu and Hoang Xuan Yen, a onetime NBC cameraman in Vietnam, joined 150 or so former South Vietnamese soldiers "somewhere along the Cambodian-Vietnam border" to inaugurate their campaign against Hanoi. On March 30, a brief report on the ceremony, showing erstwhile Saigon military officers dressed in "black pajamas" and sharpening punji sticks for a booby trap, appeared on the *CBS Evening News*.

If the guerrillas looked familiar to the American television audience, it was no accident. Lieu's self-styled "resistance" movement has copied the appearance of its old Vietcong adversaries. The front has also copied the Vietcong's tactics: its strategy is to infiltrate officers and "technical cadre" into Vietnam to train and lead an indigenous army. It worked for them, says Lieu with a smile, so why not give it a try?

The leader of this guerrilla group is a former South Vietnamese admiral, Hoang Co Minh, whose name and appearance bear a striking—and intentional—resemblance to that wily old revolutionary, Ho Chi Minh. The similarity, of course, is all form: the political program of the front calls for "the complete abolishment of Russian military bases and the complete expulsion of the Russian colonialists," the establishment of a "free enterprise" system and the abolition "forever [of] all vestiges of class struggle." As a means of promoting culture and education, the front proposes to "assemble all vietcong books, magazines, papers and documents in a special depository to permit future generations to study the cultural crimes of the vietcong and to understand the darkest period in our nation's history."

A veteran of thirty years of warfare, Lieu, now back in this country, pledges that this war in Vietnam will be the last. And, implacably optimistic, he predicts the "final victory" by 1985—or 1990 at the outside.

How serious is all this? The Vietnamese government acknowledges the existence of armed dissident groups but insists that the front is not active inside Vietnam. Lieu says the front is allied with the remnants of the C.I.A.-trained tribal forces of Vang Pao in Laos, as well as with the Pol Pot-Prince Sihanouk coalition in Cambodia.

Whether Lieu and Hoang Co Minh's group has any impact in Vietnam, its anti-Communist crusade has had an impact on the Vietnamese community in the United States. Since the collapse of the Saigon regime on April 30, 1975, nearly 500,000 Vietnamese have settled in the United States. Thirty-five percent of them live in California, and Orange County, the home of Disneyland, has become a cauldron of political intrigue as members of the transplanted Saigon elite struggle for leadership of the resistance movement. Former Premier and Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, who owns a chain of liquor stores in Orange County, has recently made several public appearances in support of the Lieu-Minh group.

During their first few years in the United States, most Vietnamese refugees concentrated on survival. Now they are increasingly turning to politics. Early this year, Lieu and his followers decided to go public. They established their financial headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, and they started raising money from Vietnamese businessmen, some of whom have charged that the fund-raisers practice extortion.

The front recently began holding rallies, which have attracted from 1,000 to 3,000 people, in places like Anaheim and San Jose, California, where there are large refugee communities, and even such unlikely places as Oklahoma City. The rallies are smoothly run. They feature a chorus of Vietnamese teen-agers dressed in brown paramilitary uniforms and a combative speech by Lieu or one of his top assistants. Red and yellow—the colors of the old South Vietnamese flag—predominate. The largely Vietnamese crowds respond enthusiastically.

But of course not all Vietnamese in the United States support the movement. Some community leaders believe the "back to Vietnam" campaign diverts attention from efforts to aid the many immigrants who continue to arrive in California. But opposition to the resistance can be dangerous.

Take the case of Lam Trong Duong. A graduate of Oberlin College, the 25-year-old Duong was an outspoken supporter of the Hanoi government. He worked as a community organizer in San Francisco's Tenderloin and he published a pro-Hanoi newspaper, which he mailed, unsolicited, to several thousand anti-Communist Vietnamese. It was not something which made him very popular. His life was threatened many times, and on July 21, 1981, he was shot to death in front of his apartment building in broad daylight. A group calling itself the "Anti-Communist Viets Organization" sent a letter to the Associated Press claiming credit for the murder of the "communist" Duong. Although the San Francisco police discount a political motive and say the Duong murder is still an open case, it is widely regarded in

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The Dispersion Analysis

Exhaust dispersion near a roadway is influenced by the turbulence and heat generated by moving vehicles. Findings at the General Motors Research Laboratories have provided a new understanding of the dispersion process.

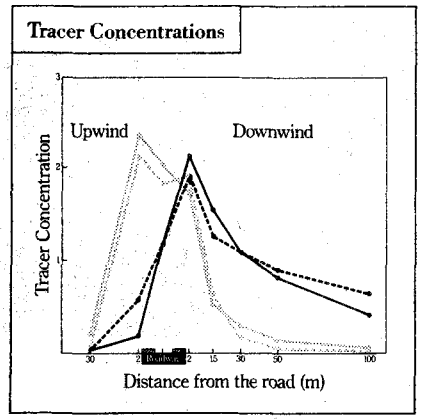


Figure 1: Observed (solid lines) and predicted (dashed lines) tracer concentrations near ground level as a function of distance from the edge of the road. Black lines indicate the case in which the wind is perpendicular to the road; gray lines, when the wind is nearly parallel to the road and opposing the upwind-lane traffic.

Figure 2: This representation of a roadway viewed from above shows the location of large vortices formed by local wind shear when the wind opposes the upwind-lane traffic.

BY USING the conservation-of-mass equation, one can describe the dispersion of gaseous molecules in the atmosphere. The equation includes terms for advection, diffusion, sources and sinks. Advection is the transport of air parcels by the mean wind; diffusion is due mainly to turbulent mixing. But the equation is useful only if we have information about the wind and temperature fields in the atmosphere. Specifically, our ability to predict vehicular exhaust concentrations near a road depends on knowledge of the effects of vehicles on these fields.

The conservation-of-mass equation for the mean concentration of any species, C, is

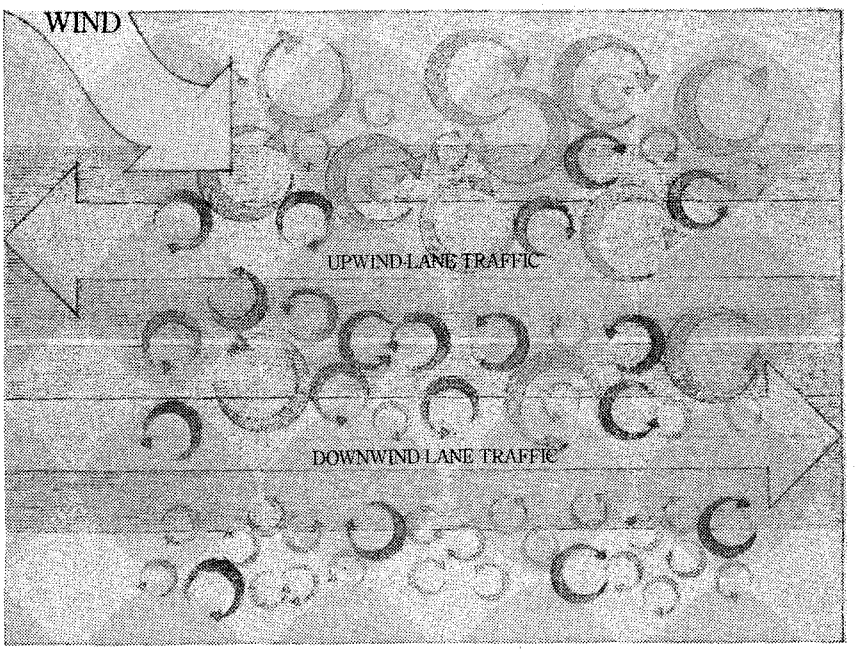
$$\frac{\partial C}{\partial t} + \sum_i \frac{\partial (U_i C)}{\partial x_i} = \sum_{i,j} \frac{\partial}{\partial x_i}\left(K_{ij}\frac{\partial C}{\partial x_j}\right) + So + Si$$

Local rate of change — Advection — Diffusion — Sources — Sinks

where U_i is the mean wind velocity and K_{ij} is the eddy diffusivity tensor. This equation applies when the length scale of mixing is small compared to that of the variation of the mean concentration. Near a road, this condition is met if the averaging time for the concentration and wind velocity is much longer than the time interval of vehicular passage. For a straight roadway, a long averaging time allows one to assume spatial uniformity in the direction parallel to the road, and to ignore the spatial derivatives in that direction.

The input information for K_{ij} and the mean crossroad and vertical wind components near a roadway became available as a result of a large-scale experiment conducted by the General Motors Research Laboratories. The experiment has provided an understanding of the influence of moving vehicles on mechanical turbulence and buoyancy near a roadway. Dr. David Chock was responsible for the design of the experiment and the analysis of the data. The experiment, which duplicated a heavily traveled, level roadway, was conducted under meterological conditions minimizing dispersion.

Moving vehicles affect the mean crossroad and vertical wind components in the following ways. Vehicles act as an obstacle to the mean wind, causing it to slow and move upward as it approaches the vehicles and downward as it leaves the road. In addition, vehicles release heat, which causes a net upward motion. It was established that the increase in the mean vertical wind component due to the exhaust heat was $(B/U)^{1/2}$, where U is the crossroad wind component.



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The buoyancy flux, B, is proportional to the heat emission rate of the vehicles.

Moving vehicles also enhance both turbulence intensity and mixing. To determine how this modifies the eddy diffusivity tensor, K_{ij}, Dr. Chock invoked a "second-order closure" assumption, which relates eddy diffusivity to Reynolds stresses and the gradients of mean wind velocity and mean temperature. Eddy diffusivity was assumed to be the sum of ambient and traffic contributions. To determine the traffic contribution, the length scale of the traffic-induced turbulence was assumed to be comparable to vehicle height—1.5 m.

USING THE vast data base compiled during the experiment, Dr. Chock was able to specify K_{ij} and the mean crossroad and vertical wind components, and solve the equation numerically. To test the model, half-hour measurements of a tracer gas were used to map out experimentally the exhaust dispersion under various meteorological conditions. The case where the wind speed is low and the wind direction is nearly perpendicular to the roadway is represented by the black lines in Figure 1. Both the model and the experiment show the same dispersion pattern. The peak concentration is on the downwind roadside.

When the wind is nearly parallel to the road, the situation is much more complicated. Figure 2 shows that when the wind and traffic flow on the upwind lanes oppose each other, a high shear region occurs immediately upwind of the first traffic lane. When the wind and traffic are in the same direction, the high shear region occurs in the median of the road. In these high shear regions, large eddies are generated and turbulent mixing is intense. The gray lines in Figure 1 show a comparison of the model's predictions with the tracer data for the case illustrated by Figure 2. Notice that the peak concentration can actually occur on the upwind roadside, due to the exhaust transport by these large eddies. Dr. Chock's model is the first to predict this occurrence.

Under all combinations of wind speeds and directions, the predictions based on the model compare favorably with the measured tracer concentrations. There is little systematic bias with respect to wind direction.

"In light of this new model, exhaust dispersion near a roadway can now be predicted with reliability," says Dr. Chock. "This is of importance for environmentally sound road planning, and opens the door to the investigation of dispersion on city streets, where the presence of tall structures introduces even further complexity."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. David Chock is a Senior Staff Research Scientist in the Environmental Science Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Chock received his Ph.D. in Chemical Physics from the University of Chicago. His thesis concerned the quantum mechanics of molecules and molecular crystals. As a Postdoctoral Fellow at the Free University of Brussels, he did research work on the dynamics of critical phenomena. He did additional postdoctoral work in the fields of solid-state physics and fluid dynamics.

Dr. Chock joined the corporation in 1972. He is leader of the GM atmospheric modeling group. His current research interests include the phenomena of atmospheric transport and reactions, and the statistical study of time-series data.

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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the Vietnamese community as a political killing.

It fits a pattern of harassment and violence against Vietnamese who do not share the virulent anti-Communism of many of their fellow refugees. In April 1981, a Molotov cocktail was hurled at Vietnamese historian Ngo Vinh Long after he took part in a panel discussion at Harvard University; his assailant, a former South Vietnamese soldier, was freed on grounds of temporary insanity. Since Duong's murder, Nguyen Dam Thong, a newspaper editor in Houston, was killed after he charged in his paper that a bogus Vietnamese front group was fund-raising without authorization in the name of the resistance movement.

This intimidation has naturally had a chilling effect on political discussion. Where once the few Vietnamese in the United States who are still sympathetic to the Vietnamese government sponsored public forums in Berkeley, San Francisco and other cities, they now meet only in private.

In an interview, Lieu said that there are Vietnamese "traitors" among the refugees in the United States. He also said that most Americans are not sufficiently alarmed by the international Communist threat. "If we do not prepare now, the Communists will win in Central America, take over Mexico and be right on our border." He talked of organizing a band of Vietnamese and Cuban veterans to fight the leftist guerrillas in El Salvador so that Washington does not make the "tragic mistake" of committing American troops. "We can raise an army in a minute in Miami and California," he boasted.

Asked whether he wants Washington's support in his self-proclaimed effort to overthrow the Vietnamese government, Lieu smiled and said cautiously, "First, we must win the sympathy and support of the American people and of the news media. Then we will see about the government." □

Defense Budget

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

As the debate proceeds, it seems to us critical for the emphasis to move from the broad questions of disarmament and a nuclear freeze—those issues that E.P. Thompson, Randall Forsberg and literally millions of supporters have so correctly forced upon the nation—to a detailed and realistic discussion of the national security posture that is needed to replace the distorted visions of the Reagan Administration. In our view, current and proposed military outlays can be significantly reduced—*perhaps by as much as $50 billion*—with no reduction in America's ability to defend itself.

To aid the current discussion, and to help shape the immediate proposals that will take the nation away from confrontation and toward real national security, we wish to propose several ways to achieve cuts in military spending. These suggestions only touch on the much needed longer-term re-evaluation of U.S. foreign policy, which could stimulate even more dramatic reductions.

Gordon Adams is senior research associate and David Gold is director of military research at the Council on Economic Priorities. Adams is the author of The Iron Triangle: The Politics of Defense Spending *(C.E.P.) and Gold is co-author of* Misguided Expenditure: An Analysis of the Proposed MX Missile System *(C.E.P.).*

Strategic Weapons and Arms Control

Growth in strategic weapons can be halted, and the nuclear force reduced, without harming America's ability to deter a Soviet nuclear attack.

The Administration's active pursuit of a complete overhaul and major expansion of the U.S. nuclear arsenal is wasteful and unnecessary. The MX missile is designed to replace the Titan and Minuteman land-based missiles; the Trident submarine and missile system to replace the Poseidon system; the B-1 to replace the B-52 and to be supplemented by the "stealth" bomber; the cruise missile to supplement strategic and European theater forces; the Pershing 2 to succeed the Pershing 1 in Europe; and some 17,000 new nuclear warheads to supplement and replace current ones. Combined with improvements in early warning systems and communications, continued work on submarine and air defense systems, and accelerated research and testing of ballistic missile defense systems, the Administration's "strategic modernization" package will cost at least $180 billion—in the end, probably far more—over the next half-decade.

This package is redundant and destabilizing. The B-1 will be ineffective against more sophisticated Soviet air defense systems and it will be unnecessary—the modified B-52 can perform as both a conventional bomber and a cruise missile carrier. The MX now has a proposed basing mode that will cost at least $26 billion. Eliminating just those two weapons would save $9 billion in the Pentagon's 1983 authorization request and more than $40 billion apiece in costs in the years ahead.

Moreover, the proliferation of sea-launched cruise missiles would make verification of future arms agreements more difficult. Nuclear-tipped cruise missiles could be transported on almost any type of ship, and once they were deployed, neither the United States nor the Soviet Union could determine how many the other side had or whether they carried nuclear or conventional warheads.

But worse, the Reagan program allocates money for improvements that are quite unnecessary and imply a shift in America's nuclear strategy. The most important feature of the strategic package is not its additional megatonnage or its new warheads. It is the substantial improvement in guidance systems, making missiles far more accurate than before and far more able to destroy hardened targets. Such accuracy is not necessary for a strategy based on mutual deterrence, which requires only that a portion of the arsenal be capable of surviving a first strike and inflicting unacceptable damage on the aggressor. In the 1960s, the Defense Department estimated that a nuclear force would need the equivalent of 400 megatons of explosive power to inflict an unacceptable level of damage on the Soviet Union. Since both sides have many times the equivalent of 400 survivable megatons

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What readers say about

THIS NOBLE FLAME

AN ANTHOLOGY

"An Immensely Moving Tribute to America's Priceless Ethnic Heritage"

—Lester (Hank) Talkington
Editor, Science and Nature

As an American who has known very little about the Hungarian people in general and Hungarian Americans in particular, I read this book with very deep emotion. I learned from it that blood, tears and suffering was the lot not only of black slaves brought to these shores but of hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of immigrants who toiled in the mines and mills of our country. It was through the pages of this book that I first learned that in the mines of America 68,000 people perished and more than 2 million were injured in a relatively brief period of thirty-five years, a toll almost as large as that from World War I. And this was only in one industry!

The power of the opening quotation from Sándor Petöfi is overwhelming. I keep looking at it, and every time I look at it, it appears larger and larger. Thank you people for this marvelous literary gift!
—Bryce Porter, Bronx, N.Y.

Your volume deserves a place in every library, and on the bookshelves of progressive-minded people, for its wealth of facts that had not been compiled before, and for its inspiring theme. It was long overdue and it merits a hearty welcome.
—Joseph V. Kahn, New York City

Here is a marvelous new view of our world seen with the passion and compassion of Hungarian-American workers and scientists, artists and writers. A tasty smorgasbord indeed—the reportage and poetry, the drawings and photos—served for us by editor Zoltán Deák from the eighty years of treasures published by his newspaper, *Hungarian Word.* Confirms my long suspicion that all Hungarians have in them something of the poet.

Ranking with works like Adamic's *My Native Land* and Irving Howe's *World of Our Fathers, This Noble Flame* is an immensely moving tribute to America's priceless ethnic heritage.
—Lester (Hank) Talkington

My vocabulary is too limited to adequately express my emotions upon reading this marvelous work. All glory to those who had a role in producing it!
—Alice Terranova, Huntsville, Ala.

I just received *This Noble Flame.* I don't know where to start praising it: the content, the research work that must have gone into it, or the beautiful translation. I am deeply moved. *—Rudolph Mathé, Vienna*

What a wonderful treasure chest of poems, short stories, art, posters, reminiscences, scientific information and photos Zoltán Deák has put together. . . . This anthology is one to cherish; its contents will provide the reader with a valuable account of the working class's past and present struggles and it will do so in a fascinating way—through the medium of many arts. C.P. Snow, in the preface, speaks of the remarkable creativity of the Hungarian people who, though numbering only 10 million have contributed so significantly and continue to add so much more to mankind's heritage. The weekly *Hungarian Word* in this country adds the U.S. experience to that of the great achievements of their homeland. The book is well titled: it has been a noble flame and we must keep it burning.
—Leon Baya, New York City

I am glad you included Karinthy's "The Circus" in your anthology. Many consider it the greatest short story written in the twentieth century—in any language. *—Clara Szemere, Budapest*

Paraphrasing Walt Whitman I say that he who touches this book, touches the Hungarian people in the United States as well as in Hungary. And they, in turn, touch your heart.
—Dr. R. Avron Kartyshai
author, lecturer, publisher

This Noble Flame—what a glorious title! What glorious content! Names such as Petöfi, Bartók, Kodály, Molnár, Szilard, Szentgyörgyi, Gellért, Dr. Pogány, Gyetvay, Gross—what nation can match such a galaxy of talents!

As the wife of one of these men I was privileged to know some of these great people through my husband's association with them. The Hungarians and the American people have much to be proud of. Congratulations for the job done extremely well!
—Helen Gross, Chicago

This Noble Flame is one of those rare books that I couldn't put down until I had read it cover to cover. One short story after another, poetry, economics, biography and autobiography, Ernest Hemingway, C.P. Snow, Hugo Gellért, Béla Bartók, John Reed, Count Károlyi, Ferenc Molnár, Paul Robeson, Sacco and Vanzetti, scientists, artists, composers, labor leaders as well as Al Capone and Mussolini-lover Ezra Pound flash before our eyes in an absorbing panorama that ends only too soon. I can only say "get it, get it, get it."
—Joseph Budish
economist, lecturer
New School for Social Research

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in their arsenals, the conditions for deterrence have existed for a long time and could exist at even far lower levels of force.

While many advocates of nuclear disarmament—Thompson, Jonathan Schell and others—maintain that there is no real distinction between mutual deterrence and the "winnable nuclear war" policy of some in the Reagan Administration, there is at least one difference. Deterrence implies a limitation of arms, an "enoughness" at some point, whereas the winnability school argues that nuclear weapons are weapons like any others and can always be improved and added to. In the last decade this latter view has been embodied in such strategies as "counterforce targeting" and "limited" nuclear warfare, and the technology has advanced to the point where it is possible to envision them as guidelines for actual military operations.

"Nuclear superiority" is a phrase without meaning so long as each superpower retains a survivable deterrent. It is easy, and relatively inexpensive, to deny superiority to another; it is practically impossible and prohibitively expensive to achieve it oneself. Moreover, for those worried about the survivability of land-based missiles and bombers, it should be emphasized that the U.S. submarine force will be survivable for decades, given America's lead in both submarine and antisubmarine warfare technology.

It is important to recognize that there is both a quantitative and a qualitative arms race. A decision against a new generation of nuclear weapons—the MX, Trident, cruise missiles and the B-1 bomber—would not affect the utility or survivability of current strategic weapons (the submarine force in particular) and could be a significant first step toward a freeze and mutual reductions. Arms control talks could then focus on a process of having each side give up advantages step by step. The U.S. lead in warhead technology and submarine warfare could be a bargaining chip against the Soviet advantage in "throw weight" and megatonnage. So long as the reductions do not threaten either side's deterrent, they can continue until the deterrent itself is negotiable.

European Theater

Roughly half of the military budget is keyed to Europe, and the Administration makes much of the need for both a nuclear and a conventional buildup there to counter the "superiority" of the Soviet Union. Here, too, it is necessary to move cautiously and offer a clear alternative.

The argument for deploying Pershing 2 and cruise missiles in Europe is that without them a Soviet Union superior in conventional arms could carry out a lightning armored thrust across the central European plains, sweeping NATO forces aside in a rush to the sea. This scenario simply does not conform to reality. As Robert McNamara has noted, "The conventional balance is not as favorable to the Soviets as is often assumed. . . . We overstate the Soviets' force and underestimate ours." According to the International Institute for Strategic Studies, NATO and the Warsaw Pact nations are equal in military personnel. Moreover, about half of the Warsaw Pact divisions are made up of Eastern

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Europeans, hardly the most politically reliable force in wartime. The superior number of Warsaw Pact tanks (27,500 to 11,800) is countered by NATO's vastly superior supply of antitank weapons (193,000 to 68,000, according to former Undersecretary of Defense William Perry). While the Soviet Union has more fighter and attack aircraft than the United States, the United States has nearly a two-to-one superiority in more sophisticated aircraft. NATO forces appear more than adequate to deter and counter those of the Warsaw Pact.

At the nuclear level, assertions of Soviet superiority are misleading. The 610 Soviet SS-4, SS-5 and SS-20 missiles are deterred by America's two Polaris subs, with thirty-two multiple-warhead missiles, and sixty-four British and ninety-eight French medium-range missiles. In addition, both sides have vast supplies of nuclear warheads that can be delivered by long- and medium-range fighter and attack aircraft. In warheads—the category that most reliably indicates total destructive capability—the United States and NATO have a superiority of roughly three to one, counting battlefield, fighter-carried and missile versions.

Both sides maintain enough conventional and nuclear forces in Europe to make it a wasteland in case of war. Both sides are deterred.

If the Pershing 2 and ground-launched cruise missile programs were halted, that would save $1.27 billion in the fiscal 1983 budget. The "enhanced radiation" warhead, popularly known as the neutron bomb, is also not essential, and elimination of that program would save additional billions.

Some Pentagon officials assert that a massive buildup of conventional forces is the necessary concomitant of a denuclearized Europe. While these forces should not be allowed to rust, NATO/Warsaw Pact parity suggests that in the short run only gradual modernization is required. In the long run, both sides would benefit greatly from progress in the troop reduction talks in Vienna, lessening even further the likelihood that Europe could again be a theater of military conflict.

Chemical weapons designed for potential use in Europe are also included in the Reagan budget, justified by the assertion that they were used by the Soviet Union in Afghanistan and by Vietnam in Cambodia. The Administration wants to increase spending on chemical warfare from $532 million in 1982 to $705 million in 1983 (a 32 percent increase) and proposes to set it even higher in 1984. Arkansas Senator David Pryor, who has been drawn into the debate because the Administration wants to open a binary nerve gas plant in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, has argued that a new chemical warfare race "would commit the United States to at least $6 billion over the next five years." He and other critics have also pointed out that the current U.S. chemical arsenal is an adequate deterrent to any attack by the Soviet Union.

Although both sides in Europe train with chemical weapons, battlefield use of them presents formidable problems. The cumbersome equipment required would make fighting extremely difficult. Because of winds, neither side would know for sure which troops were vulnerable when or

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where. Moreover, the political complications of trying to deploy chemical weapons in Europe would further threaten NATO unity; as Senator Pryor notes, "The Europeans are not going to let nerve gas on their soil." Here, too, the United States and the Soviet Union have much to gain from arms control.

Overseas Intervention

The Reagan military budget also includes vast sums for upgrading U.S. power to intervene overseas. There are two major components of this effort—a massive increase in the size of the Navy and a buildup of the Rapid Deployment Force. Both are dubious in military terms and neither is consistent with a U.S. foreign policy aimed at nonintervention.

Over the next decade, the Administration proposes increasing the size of the Navy from 400 ships to 600, thus expanding the number of carrier-led battle groups from thirteen to fifteen (with the possibility of additional groups built around refurbished World War II battleships). The cost of this buildup is staggering: each battle group would take almost $20 billion to construct and another $20 billion to maintain over its life, excluding inflation. And carrier-led battle groups are militarily inefficient. They are large and slow and easy targets for an opponent with sophisticated equipment, especially naval bombers, cruise missiles and long-range "smart" missiles, as the Falklands war indicated. Indeed, much of the weaponry in a battle group is designed for self-defense, not for intervention.

One reason advanced for the new battle groups is to counter what is described as a large buildup of Soviet naval forces, thus permitting the United States to maintain its dominance over the sea lanes and its "show-the-flag" exercises around the world. But this justification is thin: most Soviet vessels are small and must keep close to Soviet coasts. The real reason for the groups is to reassert U.S. control over the course of political and economic events in the less-developed world, substituting military force for diplomatic acumen and economic reform. However, current U.S. naval forces, already immense, are more than adequate even for these purposes. And if these purposes were redefined, as is desirable, the naval force could be smaller, more mobile and less expensive.

The Rapid Deployment Force shows the same weaknesses. At a cost of at least $6 billion in fiscal 1983, the Administration plans to purchase container ships, start production of new cargo aircraft, and train and equip 229,000 Army, Navy and Marine troops for rapid deployment to crisis areas. This force is ostensibly designed for the Middle East, planners citing a Soviet invasion of Iran as the most likely emergency they expect to face.

The risks of this strategy are enormous. To deploy a significant force against such an invasion would require the creation of bases in Middle Eastern countries that either have unstable governments or are hostile to the United States because of Israel. And since the Rapid Deployment Force could not realistically respond to a Soviet thrust into Iran, it is more likely to be used in other parts of the globe against inferior local armies and where there is no Soviet involvement. The link with an interventionist foreign policy is clear. If the United States intends to permit events to follow their own course, as was done in Nicaragua and Zimbabwe during the Carter Administration, rather than to try to hold back the flood tides of change, its current deployment capabilities—the Marine Corps and the airborne forces in the Army—are more than adequate. Further buildup is redundant.

> "This identification of a threat to security does not automatically require an expenditure in the defense budget to neutralize it. The nation's total resources being limited, it is necessary to consider what is being given up to meet the threat. The defense budget must be seen not only in terms of what we must defend against, *but what we have to defend.* The more we take from the commonwealth for its defense, the smaller it becomes."
>
> *—Caspar Weinberger, when Budget Director in the Nixon Administration*

Personnel

Defense Department personnel costs are immense. Salaries and benefits for the 900,000 civilians and 2 million soldiers who make up the Pentagon's labor force are almost half of the current defense budget. While this percentage would drop under the proposed Reagan program, the dollar amount would rise. Some have suggested reinstituting the draft as a means of reducing costs and increasing numbers, but the problem discussed most often by military leaders is retaining people with skills and training, not attracting new recruits. The need to retain skilled people has increased over the last decade as the military has moved to more sophisticated equipment. A new draft would only make the problem worse, since draftees are less likely to have career ambitions than volunteers.

Some personnel reforms could help. Pay scales could be changed so that top officers receive less and noncoms and junior officers more. The "up-or-out" policy of retiring officers who are not promoted after a certain number of years could be revised; many would be content to remain majors and colonels, just as many corporate employees continue their careers even if they don't become vice presidents. Preventing retired personnel from drawing both a full pension and a full salary in another government position could save additional money. And substantial savings could result from a shift in the orientation of military policy toward smaller strategic forces, a smaller Navy and smaller overseas troop deployments.

Waste

Pentagon waste, particularly in weapons-procurement procedures, amounts to somewhere between $10 billion and $30 billion a year, according to budget director David Stockman. Part of the problem is simple mismanagement, much of which can be remedied, and part of it is the lack of accountability within the closed system linking the Defense

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Department, military contractors and key members of Congress [see Gordon Adams, "The Iron Triangle," *The Nation*, Oct. 31, 1981]. As Stockman has said, the main source of waste is "strong clients with weak claims." Or, in the words of Arizona Representative John Rhodes, "Eisenhower was obviously right when he said that the military-industrial complex needed to be watched—it does, and it isn't being watched to the point that it must be in the future."

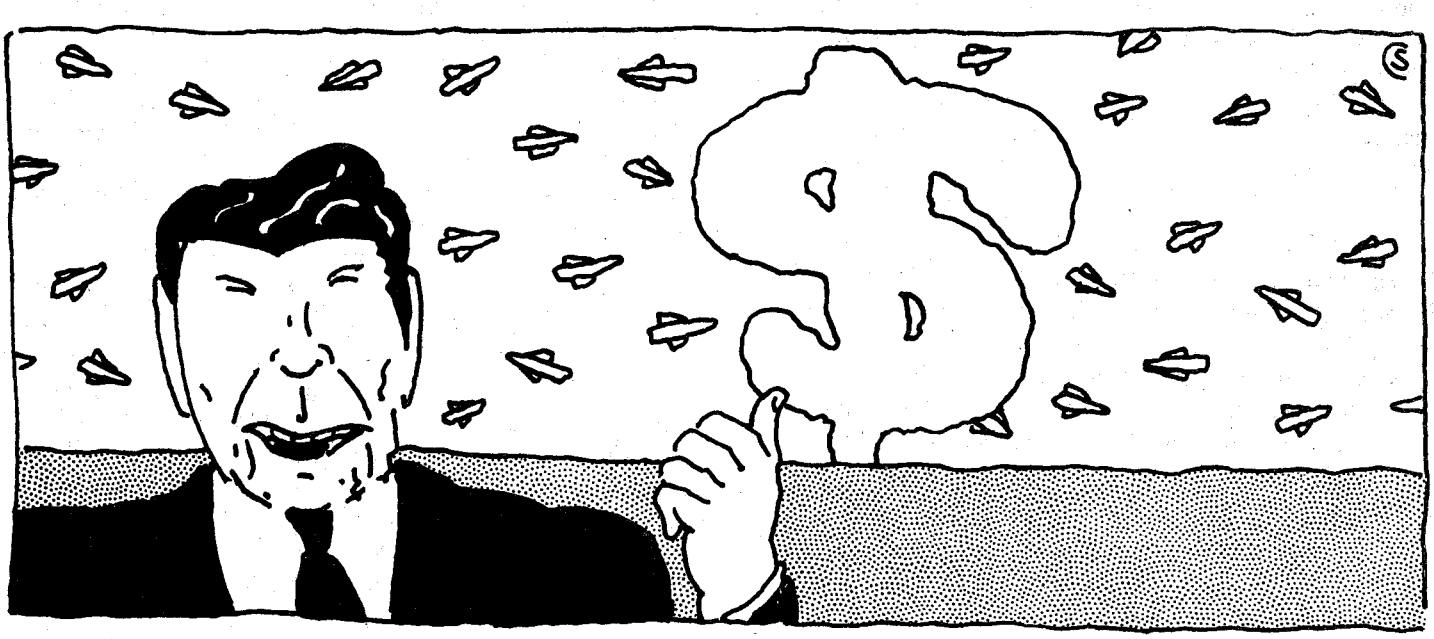
In April 1981, seeking to defuse Pentagon critics, Undersecretary of Defense Frank Carlucci announced thirty-two basic reforms, including decentralization of procurement decisions, elimination of some regulations, an end to "buying-in" (giving Congress an unrealistically low estimate and then increasing costs once production is under way) and modification of the present bidding procedures, by which two thirds of all negotiated contracts are bid on by a single supplier.

The Pentagon's opinion of these reforms was reflected in the fact that the cost of forty-seven principal weapons systems *rose* 114 percent from December 1981 to March 1982. And the truth is that, like past efforts, they just won't work. They do not focus on the real managerial and political sources of excessive costs: the lack of discipline among contractors and the close relationship between the industry and the Pentagon. In many cases, contractors dream up the new weapons systems and prepare proposals based on their own inflated estimates of costs. The Pentagon relies on those figures, examines the expenditures only casually and is motivated to obtain whatever weapon is promised at whatever cost. Once the procurement process is under way, no matter how wasteful the system, an army of titans is needed to reverse the political steamroller.

We believe that cost estimates should be more closely controlled, contractors who perform poorly should not receive new contracts, and greater competition should be required in contract bidding. Congress also needs to revive the few agencies that, however inadequately, monitored costs and contractor performance—including the Renegotiation Board (killed in 1978) and the Cost Accounting Standards Board (killed in 1980)—and to increase the authority of the General Accounting Office and the Defense Contract Audit Agency. In addition, Congress must curb the tendency of the Defense Department to buy weapons of excessively high technology, made ever more sophisticated as they go through the research and production process. High technology is not of itself undesirable, but stopping short of the last margin of sophistication and producing simpler weapons over a longer period would help reduce costs. Moreover, less complex weapons would ease the problems of maintenance and parts replacement, improving overall readiness.

The kind of reforms we are talking about here must be distinguished from those recently advocated by James Fallows, Gary Hart and other Pentagon critics, who have attacked the Pentagon's elaborate gold-plated weaponry. Reform in the way weapons are purchased is important, but it is not the same thing as substituting simple technologies for complex ones so as to wage war more easily. If the objective is to reduce the risk of conflict while preserving national security, enormous stockpiles of weapons that are even simpler to use are not the solution—and in fact may only make unacceptable objectives easier to achieve.

As this discussion suggests, the Defense Department and especially Congress are missing the point on the military budget. More spending is not buying more security. It is throwing money at a series of non-problems, or at the wrong problems. The nuclear balance is even and requires a freeze and then reductions. European theater forces must be deployed in ways that reduce the likelihood of conflict. Current conventional forces are, in general, adequate for defense. Personnel costs can be restrained. Finally, the procurement mechanism requires deep-rooted reforms, not cosmetic changes. At heart, the problem is one of widening the range of alternatives and making the defense policy process more accountable to Congress and to the American public. □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Myth America

LENNARD J. DAVIS

WHAT WAS LITERATURE? Class Culture and Mass Society. *By Leslie Fiedler. Simon and Schuster. 256 pp. $14.95.*

It has been one of the more hopeless obsessions of literary critics to sort the great works of literature from the chaff: think of Matthew Arnold, F.R. Leavis, Lionel Trilling. In his new book, Leslie Fiedler takes furious issue with this elitist and prescriptive tendency among the self-appointed guardians of art, and with the modern split between "high" and "low" forms of literature. For Fiedler, the "quarrel is not with the notion that some literary works are better than others. . . . What seems to me untenable is the faith that one kind of book . . . is intrinsically bad, while another . . . is intrinsically good."

What Was Literature? begins humbly with a chapter called "What Was Leslie Fiedler?" in which we read how Fiedler started out as an academic, high-culture critic, the respected author of the classic *Love and Death in the American Novel*, only to come out of the closet and admit his fondness for comic books, soap operas and sentimental books like *Gone with the Wind* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Not only does Fiedler like these works, he thinks they should be taught in the university, for they contain archetypal and mythic resonances that are the true expression of the human spirit, resonances lacking in high culture, steeped as it is in modernist elitism.

The idea that mass culture best expresses the oneiric (a favorite word of Fiedler's) and mythic essence of our collective unconscious is the central pivot on which this argument turns. "Created by hacks, more likely to be stupid than intelligent but with easy access to their own collective unconscious where it impinges on the collective unconscious of their time, such 'trash' is available to almost anyone, requiring neither subtlety of perception, 'education' nor anything resembling good old true-blue Protestant Hard Work." The best TV shows and schlock novels are the ones that tap universal emotions—except in repressed, university-conditioned critics and academics.

There are a number of blank spots in this book—questions that are never adequately discussed and that indeed remain major stumbling blocks in most discussions of popular culture. Simply because movies, television shows, best sellers, romances and so on are read or seen by a majority of the available audience, are these works reflective of what the majority thinks and feels? Are such works inherently democratic and demotic? Popular culture may have really expressed the ideology and values of ordinary folk in the pre-Gutenbergian world, when ballads, tales, jests and so on were locally produced by the same sort of people who enjoyed them. But so simple an explanation hardly applies to the modern world, where mass culture is created by an elite group of screenwriters and novelists. All the soap operas in America are probably written by about seventy people—most of whom live in places quite unlike the homes of most viewers.

For Fiedler, a work of pop culture enters the "great tradition" by virtue of the large numbers of consumers it attracts. In essence, acceptance of a work into the canon of popular culture is a matter of votes cast directly by consumers (buy the book, go to the movie) or indirectly by sponsors (advertise a product to that popular sitcom's audience).

This plebiscite is something of an illusion, though. Take the case of *E.T.*, one of the biggest moneymaking movies in film history. Can we say that moviegoers voted their approval of the work? Indeed they may have. However, when you plunk down your $5 for a ticket, you are actually only voting "yes" to the enticement created by one of the largest advertising campaigns ever mounted for a movie. Certainly word of mouth helped get you to the theater, but so did the commercials. And if you walk out of the movie, if you hate it, even if you fall asleep, your "yes" vote has nonetheless been cast in the eyes of those who make the movies. Is this process democratic? Hardly.

And what about mass-market products that are violent, racist or sexist? Fiedler would say that such works represent a release of the repressed; for example, the battle of black against white in *Rocky* is simply an extension of the American archetype. Violence is in our psyches and will naturally appear in our art. But we do not get much sense from Fiedler that images teach people how and in what ways to channel violence, rage and lust. Culture, after all, controls as well as embodies human desires.

It is strange that Fiedler, an educator, avoids the notion that literary and narrative tastes are taught to Americans in their living rooms as well as in their classrooms. Yet generations have learned the codes for the acceptable through the mass media. Although consumers will not accept everything shoved down their throats, the fact remains that mass culture is actually an elitist culture, taught over time to the many by the few, and it is therefore close to meaningless to say that enduring human values are any more likely to be contained in these works than in obviously elite works like *Ulysses* or *The Waste Land*.

Fiedler's criteria for considering a work a pop-culture classic are extremely suspect. Although he rightly attacks academic critics for upholding a literary canon based on class bias and arbitrary tastes, he erects a similar canon for popular culture, inscribing on his honor roll the names of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Margaret Mitchell and Mark Twain, along with Maria Cummins, "Monk" Lewis and popular movies like *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and *Carrie*. But how does he know that these works are indeed great works of popular culture? Leslie Fiedler's criterion is simply to rest his ear on his own chest and hear whether the central core of Leslie Fiedler "resonates." So, the scene from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in which Simon Legree beats Tom "is an encounter which lives on in the depths of my own mind with hallucinatory vividness." Having sounded the sympathetic chord of the mythic, he goes on to make the global statement, "To me, moreover, as to her [Stowe] and her readers, early and late, both that event and the gothic swampland plantation on which it occurs represent . . . the quintessential, the archetypal Deep South." How can Fiedler know not on-

Lennard J. Davis teaches English at Columbia University and is the author of Factual Fictions: The Origins of the English Novel *(Columbia).*

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ly what Stowe thought but what all her readers have ever thought, too? Again, he says that *Gone with the Wind* "has fixed that mythological staircase in the mind of the mass audience forever." What secret Nielsen poll has given Fiedler this information?

The real problem with this book is that virtually nothing in it is proved—or provable. In the entire 250 pages of text there is not a single footnote nor any documentation. Fiedler recounts the history of literary criticism in three pages, beginning with Aristotle, polished off neatly in a paragraph, and ending with Ezra Pound. The history of rape takes even less space—we go from the Greeks to the twentieth century in two pages.

Perhaps Fiedler finds documentation irrelevant because he spurns the academic audience. His aim has been "to take the first steps—outside the academy as well as in, on the lecture platform or the 'tube,' wherever anyone will listen to me—toward creating a new kind of criticism." What will this new criticism be? It must speak "with the authority of poetry . . . a colloquial, demotic poetry, vulgar enough to fear neither humor nor pathos." It should be "generalist" rather than "specialist." And it must reveal "myth, fable, archetype, fantasy, magic and wonder" with the ultimate aim of achieving not critical analysis but "ecstasy."

Fiedler's criticism is really just the old academic claptrap in street clothes. His analyses of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Gone with the Wind*, *Huckleberry Finn* and *Roots* are as tedious and pompous as any nondemotic mythic or archetypal critic could muster in the dusty halls of graduate school (and Fiedler seems to forget that mythic criticism is itself not a liberating force but merely another narrow specialization within the discourse of literary studies). Fiedler writes an English that would be utterly mysterious to any normal consumer of mass culture—the kind of language that gives critics a bad name among those who buy books in airports and shopping malls. Take, for example, the following:

> It was Cooper who first realized that the anti-wife must be nonwhite as well as nonfemale, and mythically it seems scarcely to matter what hue of nonwhite. He can be brown like Melville's Queequeg or black like Twain's Nigger Jim; but at the moment he becomes a Negro, his runaway mate turns into the boy who will not grow

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up, which is to say, Huck Finn, and the myth achieves its final form.

Mythic criticism allows you to do things like this—people turn into other people, people become myths, myths become other myths. The real problem with this endless interchangeability is that it denies the possibility of change. For Fiedler, America will *always* be obsessed with black men raping white women. Any new novel, play or movie that comes along just falls into the eternal bog of archetypes.

Fiedler fails to create a demotic criticism because he fails to see that his role as critic is itself elitist. "In every stereotype," he writes, "no matter how weary, there sleeps a true archetype, waiting to be awakened by the majority critic." But do the consumers of mass culture care a hoot when the archetype is pulled out of the hat and they see at last that *E.T.* is a spinoff of Lassie who ultimately derives from Odysseus' faithful dog? It is hard to imagine what role Fiedler sees for himself, but it better not be as a late-night television show host, performing lots of this demotic criticism. I'd rather watch *Gone with the Wind*.

The ultimate irony of *What Was Literature?* is that it merely recasts Arnold, Leavis and Trilling in a slightly different mode. Fiedler raises popular culture to the status of another "great tradition" and presents that act of criticism as saving culture from the barbarians—the barbarians in tweeds and button-down shirts. Fiedler, like Leavis and company, believes that English professors can short-circuit or change the nature of cultural transformation. This is a delusion of grandeur on the grandest scale.

This is not to say that Fiedler does not make many good points. He is an entertaining writer, if a somewhat egocentric and repetitious one. (We get no less than three accounts of how Fiedler got to be where he is today, and the only body of writing widely cited in this book is the *oeuvre* of Leslie Fiedler himself.) Fiedler is right to excoriate the insularity of academic criticism and the antidemocratic tradition of modernist fiction. He is also right to point out the weaknesses of the canon of approved academic reading and to suggest that it be opened to include other kinds of works. But Fiedler writes as if no one before him has ever had, let alone published, these ideas. There is an extensive body of work by feminists, Marxists, revisionist historians and film critics who have argued precisely these points, and have done so with considerably more rigor and documentation.

In calling for a criticism of literature "over which all humankind can weep, laugh, shudder and be titillated," one that "joins us together, men and women, adults and children, educated and uneducated, black and white, yellow and brown," Fiedler slips into the meaningless cadence of insincerity made familiar by seasoned politicians. He is playing fast and furiously with this hidden image of himself as demagogue, but who will be convinced? Not academics or screenwriters, nor comic-book readers, soap-opera addicts, movie buffs or sci-fi aficionados. Only Leslie Fiedler and his graduate students will tread the path to enlightenment over the bones of the mass market. We can rest secure that the mass market will come out none the worse for wear. □

THE NARROWS

When we come to them
there is a naming of stones;
blue where the river fishes
around. See both sides.
How the scales glitter
at the bend. A single
boulder becomes a point
to memorize. And birds.
Take them as signs. Berries,
black or red reach for
our ankles, elbows, eyes.
Check the leaves before
your face blacker than crows.
Break a limb and mark
the ground with a sign
you will remember.
If there are footprints,
put them on
and go rapidly
in the other direction.

Ruth Moose

Analyzing the Risks

J. D. O'HARA

THE NAMES. *By Don DeLillo. Alfred A. Knopf. 339 pp. $13.95.*

At last, a businessman's psychosemantic spy and adventure novel!

James Axton works for the Northeast Group, a subsidiary of a $2 billion conglomerate. He works out of Athens. So do hundreds of other Americans. Together they constitute "a subculture, business people in transit, growing old in planes and airports."

Axton and his commercial fellows are detached from patriotism, religion, tradition and other historical and emotional concerns. Most of them speak several languages. They eat the local foods, and they drink international whiskys and beers in international bars. Their rare children, usually from distant first marriages, seldom appear. Their plans consist of airline reservations and possible next assignments. Expatriates, they are the new world's white-collar workers.

Axton is a risk analyst for an insurance company. Sounds dull? As he points out, "It's not a loan to some developer in Arizona. It's much broader, it has a serious frame." The Northeast Group insures international corporations against trouble in their host countries (the novel takes place during the Iranian revolution). Therefore Axton travels to such places as Istanbul, Ankara, Beirut and Karachi, meeting local contacts and appraising local situations.

"We have a complex grading system," he explains. "Prison statistics weighed against the number of foreign workers. How many young males unemployed. Have the generals' salaries been doubled recently. What happens to dissidents." There are many other details to be considered in deciding "What seems likely? Collapse, overthrow, nationalization? Maybe a balance of payments problem, maybe bodies hurled into ditches. Whatever endangers an investment. . . . It's interesting because it involves people, waves of people, people running in the streets."

The risk analyst observes everything objectively, in a businesslike way. Wholesale slaughter in Beirut, an exchange of dictators in Iran, protesting mobs in Israel—the dramatic and horrifying events of our time are seen by the risk analyst for what they are at the bottom line: banking, merchandising and manufacturing risks. Nowadays we discuss the Crusades in terms of trade routes, the spice business, raw materials

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and markets; few people back then could achieve that perspective. Nowadays we see our own world politically, socially, militarily, even morally. These are not likely to be the prominent terms in future histories of our age. Axton and his fellows are science-fiction travelers into that future.

Don DeLillo has shown us people of this new type before, in *Players* and *Running Dog*. In *The Names* he outdoes himself, evoking them in detail and setting them in a large and specific world, with considerable wit and style. Yet we've barely scratched the surface of this fine novel.

Axton and the others work for enormous multinational corporations, highly organized arrangements of people and equipment that function more or less as megahumans, like the Leviathan to which Thomas Hobbes compared society. Outside these artificial societies are people in the state of nature, potential dangers. The corporations fear them—terrorists, mobs, political rebels—and for good reason: they confront organized life with irrationality, incoherence and unintelligibility. They oblige us all to be risk analysts.

DeLillo might merely have fictionalized one rebellion—that in Iran, for instance. But he went deeper, to a recognition of the struggle between organization and chaos in everyone's existence. He focuses on the manifold results of a prehistoric terrorist attack—also in the Middle East—that destroyed the human race's coherence. In that attack, the universal language by means of which humans were raising a tower toward the sky was suddenly cursed and dispersed. Unfinished, the Tower of Babel left us with a babble of languages. (Again and again Axton's associates are troubled by the question, "How many languages do you speak?")

Appropriately, then, the corporations are harassed by local economic, ethnic, religious and political groups, fragments from that shattered Babel. Axton's attention is directed toward a group whose orientation is—oddly, but fittingly—semantic, a terrorist gang called The Names, which he and others track from Greece to India.

There is no way to discuss briefly the implications of The Names—see the rejected draft of this review. Its actual name is Greek, *Ta Onómata*, which suggests an exasperatingly pompous term from high school English: onomatopoeia, name-making. Examples of onomatopoeia are inevitably disappointing: hiss, bang, squawk . . . We like to imagine that the world speaks its names more clearly than that. After all, St. John tells us that in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The Names (whose members evoke Hobbes again; they are solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short) take language and even the alphabet with that kind of seriousness. They are onto something big, however grotesquely comic their murderous actions appear.

Axton's personal life, which we've neglected so far, is extensively and movingly developed in some of the best writing DeLillo has ever done. He has come to Athens because his wife and their 9-year-old son are temporarily living on a Greek island. (Kathryn is an archeologist digging up a Minoan town; the son is writing a novel.) Surrounded by crumbling or endangered social and commercial structures, Axton hopes to paste together the fragments of a marriage that has exploded like the Parthenon. The scenes of post-family life are beautifully, painfully evoked. How does one reconstruct a relationship? Think of the wedding? Think of being in love? Axton tries to imagine a time when all was well. He often sounds convincing, but not to Kathryn. Candide advised people to cultivate their gardens, but she digs into a past not her own, unearthing the kitchens of a distant culture and cataloguing the shards.

Axton persists, but with increasing detachment. By the story's end he has been through a great deal, at first and second hand, and one might expect him to abandon everything and move to Central America. But he surprises and impresses us. Frustrated but still desirous of community and order, he finds in the babble of tourists on the Acropolis and in the semiliterate babble of his son's novel the sound of a possible human harmony.

DeLillo has much more to say, on these and other topics. Is divorce pref-

Contest for New Poets

"Discovery"/THE NATION 1983 is sponsored jointly by the Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City and THE NATION. The competition, now in its ninth year, is designed to attract larger audiences for young poets through the combination of publication and poetry recital.

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erable to separation? Can one have a self outside of systems? Could one exist if life were merely chance? (Chance is evoked by sellers of lottery tickets and by the Athens telephone system.) But he says nothing in the dusty language of this review. Instead, he heeds the audience's traditional demand: "Show us their faces, tell us what they said."

Aside from the wonderfully amusing *Amazons*, ostensibly written by Cleo Birdwell (now a Berkley paperback), we credit DeLillo with seven novels, all deservedly praised. His second, *End Zone*, has been a special favorite of demanding and perceptive critics; *The Names* is a complex, mature, extended continuation of it. Characters, settings and styles are different; the elegance has a higher polish; the sensibility is subtler. But *End Zone*'s admirers will welcome *The Names* as a further installment of those old conversations and amusements. Languages, words, silence, individuality and collectivity, orders, spaces and spatial relations—they're all back. Glossolalia is back, the black rock, even the Kaaba, newly spelled. Happy days. □

FOR MY FATHER

I hold a candle to your face:

In the light, the lines of you
are a latticework of loss—
three mothers, two wives,
an uncertain son
who thrashes about
in the brine of your eyes,
calling you *father, uncle . . .*
mother.

If all men want mothers,
what might we,
having none, want?
We could break
from that design—
take back the stolen rib
and the fig leaf,
take back the diaphanous heart,
take back the fluttering eyelids.

Father,
hermaphrodite,
mermaid and minotaur,

Read this
in any language:
Lese dieses
in aller Sprachen.

Be water, father,
be blood.

Michael Blumenthal

Time Travelers

BLAIR T. BIRMELIN

THE WANTON SUMMER AIR. *By Samuel Hazo. North Point Press. 224 pp. $15.50.*

NOT NOW BUT *NOW*. *By M.F.K. Fisher. North Point Press. 264 pp. $9.25.*

As director of the International Poetry Forum in Pittsburgh, Samuel Hazo has done much to advance the state of the art. In his new novel, *The Wanton Summer Air*, however, internationalism overwhelms. Cast in the eternal present, it opens with a mellifluous description of the Côte d'Azur, flashes back to a bleak Texas childhood and recounts for no good reason a few of the stock horrors of Nazi-occupied France—all hung off a plot line based on the ancient Egyptian myth of Isis and Osiris.

A dangerous business, taking gods' names in vain, and blasphemy is the least of it. Case in point: when Hazo's hero, a young American tightrope walker named Dennis Holt, first meets innocent, highborn, convent-educated Denise de Savigny, he is mightily struck by her resemblance to Isis. Their conversation (unparagraphed in the text) goes like this:

> "Dennis, what's on your mind? You are thinking of something, I can tell." "I was just thinking of Isis." "Isis?" "Yes, this village is named after Isis. In all the books I have read about Isis, there was always the statement that she brought life to everything she touched. She even brought her husband back from the dead. That's how strong her love of life was. For a minute there I thought of you and Isis in the same way. It just came to me all of a sudden. . . . You and Isis. Sisters."

Perhaps—but this uncanny likeness, brought up again and again, does poor duty for character development. Denise remains a caricature of a sweet young thing, while her father and thuggish brother, Seth, despite a slew of mythic concordances, are evil for no better reason than that the author tells us so. Though we are given a great many physical details, such as that de Savigny *père* uses his right hand to pat his son's left shoulder, we are not told what motivates Seth's murderous feelings toward Dennis, beyond the Egyptian myth that Set killed Osiris in a fit of jealousy. And what should we make of the fact that the big black motorcycle on which Dennis loves to tear around the *corniches* (and on which the couple will eventually plunge to a not totally unexpected death) is called Anubis after the Charon figure of Egyptian mythology?

And yet despite or maybe because of the flatness of the characters, Hazo has managed a nice conventionalization here; background and foreground are interwoven in the manner of a tapestry, much like the one of Isis hanging in de Savigny's study. The stylistic consistency is broken, though, when Denise becomes pregnant (with Horus, presumably), and Hazo submits his readers to what is surely one of the most pruriently graphic descriptions of a vaginal examination ever written. He must have thought that after all the make-believe, a little stark realism was in order. But what a disastrous decision—it's like opening a can of Penzoil and throwing it into the soufflé. A sense of right materials and just proportion should apply in all things—even poets' novels.

In M.F.K. Fisher's wonderful books on food and life, right materials and just proportion characterize both her literary style and her recipes. She has a detached way of noticing the world's incongruities, which in the 1930s and 1940s was the mark of a kind of tough-minded good taste. Fisher's is a sensibility that works off the situation at hand. She does not judge; she discriminates.

Not Now But Now is Fisher's only novel, reissued after thirty-five years. The tone is playful and the plot fantastic, but there is a bitter edge to the characterization that recalls the offhand despair of a Jean Rhys novel. When we first meet the heroine, Jennie, she is living in California in more or less modern times, in a limbo of her own careful making. She is a small, perfect object of a woman with "skin like cream." Four friends are sitting on her terrace, drinking her good brandy and reveling, or so she believes, in her charm and her cleverness. There's shrewd old Julia, for whom Jennie makes life bearable; young Paul, who enjoys her body; inno-

Blair T. Birmelin has written for San Francisco Review of Books *and* The Literary Review. *She is currently at work on a novel.*

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cent, worshiping Barbara; and Harry, the ancient roué, the one who knows her best. But how terribly tired of them all she is.

In an escape reminiscent of Orlando's flights through time (though unlike Virginia Woolf's hero-heroine, Fisher's character remains an unmitigated female throughout), Jennie skips back a decade and hops a train bound from Paris to Lausanne. With her little snakeskin skullcap and gloves to match, and her fine traveling case on the rack overhead, she draws the attention of her compartment mate, a middle-aged Swiss electrical engineer. She contemptuously observes his growing passion for her and then accepts his invitation to the dining car (where you would not, says the narrator's knowing voice, "be eating anything very fine gastronomically, but it would be fresh and amusing, and at the end of the meal there would be a great tray of fat cherries bordered with banks of green almonds, perhaps, and always little cream cheeses that tasted better on trains than anywhere else."

The man may be a dull Swiss burgher, but as he goes on about his work and his sickly wife and his troublesome son, Paul, currently carrying on a scandalous affair with an Algerian girl, Jennie is surprised, "for the warmth of his eyes and the astonishing latent gaiety of his face were biting at her consciousness of him."

It is in this episode, the first of four, that Fisher most exactly measures the ambiguity of Jennie's character. Yearning to be loved, Jennie herself can manage only lust. In Lausanne she meets young Paul (shades of her California lover), for whom her bones will alternately yawn and sing. And when father and son quarrel over her, she slips away into another time warp (1847, London) and another tale, also beginning on a train, this one a scherzo built around the older woman, Julia. There will be a chapter for Barbara, of course, and one for Harry, but not one is as taut or as suggestive of the possibility of character as the first. Still, the details of food and dress and sensation are delightful.

In an afterword, the author explains that she produced this work at the urging of two important men in her life; one is reminded of Scheherazade spinning her tales on command. At times Fisher seems to have tired of her arbitrary fantasies; other times, you know she was pleased as punch. No matter. *Not Now But* Now is light reading the way it should be written. □

BEARINGS

History is what we choose
to remember, peeling the present
from its skin like a ripe orange,
juice on our fingers.

Or the mist slipping over
my father where he lies
in one half of his body
unable to speak.

Trying to find the way
is like reading a street sign
in the distance, the letters
blurred and unfocused
until I come closer.

And then I discover
it's only a marker at the border
saying STOP.

Shirley Kaufman

Small and Magic Secrets

JAMES POLK

NEW ISLANDS. *By María Luisa Bombal. Translated by Richard and Lucia Cunningham. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 112 pp. $12.95.*

Women in Chile occupy a peculiar place. They are, of course, victims of *machismo*. But Chileans also honor Ines Suares, mistress to a conquistador, as a founder of their country. In the mid-sixteenth century, she commanded an army and governed and defended Santiago, ruling, by all accounts, with undisputed authority. Suares stood at the beginning of a remarkable half-century during which women managed vast land holdings and held the nascent society together, while men were occupied with feudal struggles and distant Indian wars.

Autonomy was short-lived. When the soldiers returned, women were sent back to the parlor and the Church—where they have remained, with occasional forays into the mainstream, ever since. Yet Suares lives on in the national mythology as an Amazon, a warrior-princess, a Founding Mother.

Perhaps the outwardly passive, inwardly seething women of the late María Luisa Bombal's fiction are haunted by Suares's memory; certainly they are haunted by something. In four of these five fables (one published in 1976, the others between 1934 and 1940, all translated into English here for the first time), the central characters are women who appear, at first glance, languid, compliant, virtually inert in the grip of a patriarchal society. But they have extravagant secret lives. Rather than contend in the rational, colorless sphere of men, who behave "as if tranquility were a mortal enemy," these women construct and inhabit lush, sensuous kingdoms of the imagination. There, sensibility reigns, and they enjoy a sort of voluptuous, emotion-wracked supremacy.

In "The Final Mist" (a long story which Bombal later reworked into a novel), a young woman marries a cousin who is still in love with the memory of his dead first wife. She escapes from "this pain, sharp as a scream" into an inner reality, inspired by the surrounding mist, which transports her to the arms of a ghostly lover. There she finds the madder music and stronger wine that Bombal's women crave, but the dream is destroyed by the irritating presence of her dreary and all-too-real husband. Too discouraged even for suicide, she envisions her future: "Following him toward an infinity of insignificant tasks; toward a thousand trifling amusements; following him to live correctly—to cry from habit and smile out of duty; following him to die, one day, correctly." In "The Tree," however, fantasy triumphs. Here, again, an inexperienced young wife seeks refuge in dreams. She too is shocked awake, takes a good look at her husband—but, unlike the heroine of "The Final Mist," leaves him, her imaginative powers intact.

"Braids," the story of two sisters, is a didactic fairy tale. The elder ("the Amazon"), having been disappointed in love, cuts her hair short and devotes herself to managing the family estate. Her younger sister, "a sweet and terrible woman [who] would fall in love and love madly," lives in the city, wears her hair in a single red braid and expires romantically one night on her terrace. As she dies, the hills around her sister's

James Polk has reviewed books for Newsday, Saturday Review *and* The Village Voice.

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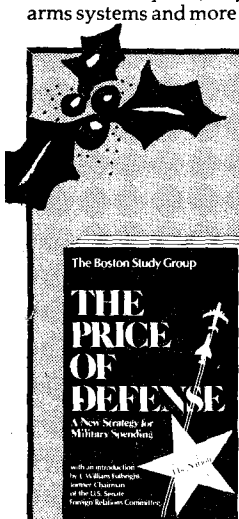

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distant hacienda burst into flame: "the forest had to die along with her and her hair, because they shared the same roots." "Women nowadays," says Bombal, "having renounced their braids, have lost their prophetic powers, no longer have premonitions, or feel absurd joy, or have their old magnetism."

All this emotional *Sturm und Drang* trembles perilously close to the romance rack at the corner drugstore. But in a way, Bombal prefigures those modern feminists who argue that women ought to take control of the old myths—of superior sensibility, intuition and sexuality—and use them to their own advantage. Bombal's women do not reject those myths; they embrace them in an attempt to fashion lives of the imagination. In the sense that R.D. Laing's schizophrenics are sane, these apparently compliant women are subversive. In the title story, for example, a successful Buenos Aires lawyer, drawn to a woman of undefinable charm and ageless beauty, is badly frightened when he gets a glimpse of the ancient mysteries she embodies: "He fears losing his way in that wild world with its disorderly and poorly mapped pathways, strewn with an unsystematic confusion of clues."

If ancient powers are renounced, what will replace them? Bombal couches this question in language that is poetic, fantastic and extremely mannered. The style is high baroque, the conventions gothic. Her work suggests the Symbolists of the 1890s as well as the Surrealists of her student days in Paris, and it prefigures the Magic Realism of Fuentes, Sábato, Donoso and García Márquez. Her response to the *criollista* school—the intensely masculine regional novels that dominated Chilean writing in the early 1930s—is a sort of feminine and aristocratic variation on the magical, low-life fiction of her contemporary, the Uruguayan Juan Carlos Onetti. Most notable for its narrow focus, interior narrative and absence of action, Bombal's work is not to every taste. Some undoubtedly will find these highly stylized fairy tales excessive—too many princesses, too many towers.

But at its best, Bombal's fiction takes the daring, imaginative flights we have come to expect from a later generation of Latin Americans, for whom she must rank, like Ines Suares before her, as a Founding Mother. "Of earth and sea and sky," she writes, "I know an infinity of small and magic secrets." □

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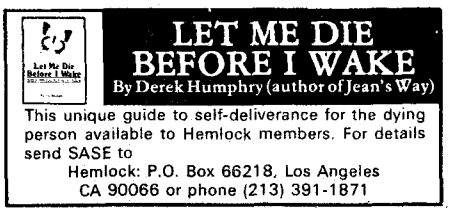
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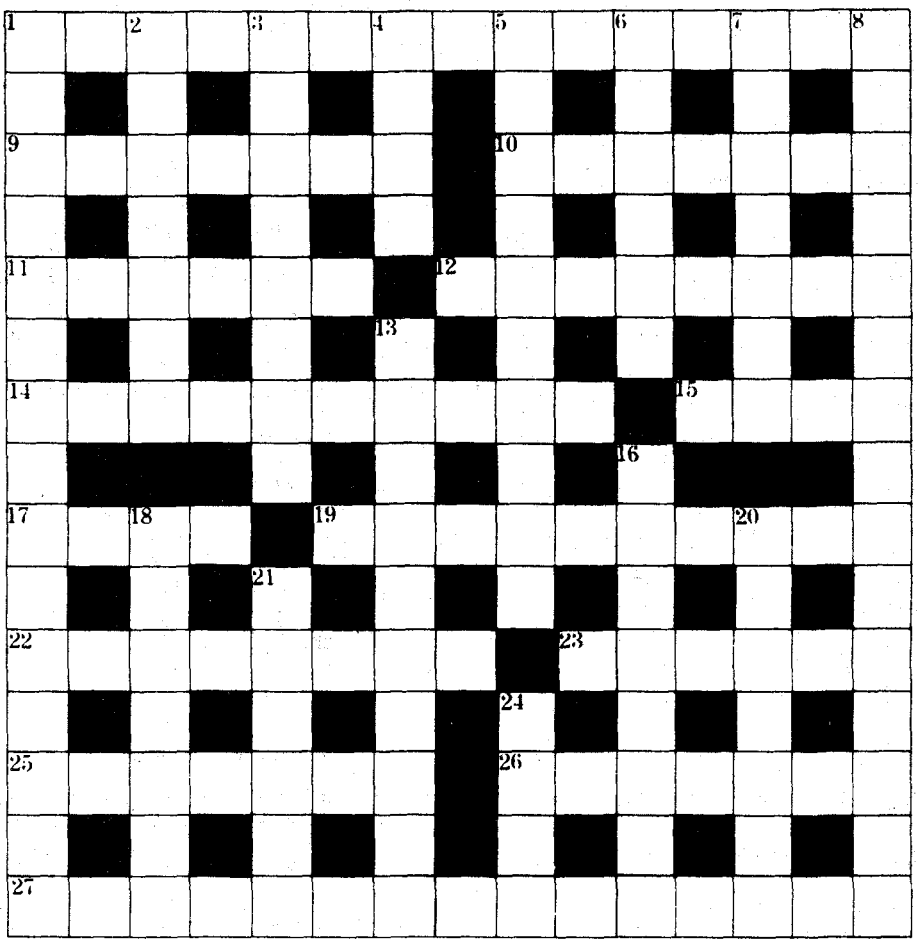

ACROSS

1 Is it a bird-like habit? (11,4)
9 A singular form of what used to be worn in court appearances. (7)
10 Napier's message on capturing Sind. (7)
11 Der Führer, for example, might be placed at the end of the line. (6)
12 See 4 down
14 A thing associated with the bomb I almost name as describing Burton's treatment of Melancholy. (10)
15 How quietly a mischievous little thing makes money! (4)
17 Such a wild ride could be dreadful! (4)
19 When you get up here, you have to get down. (5,5)
22 Has a rather good look at religious pamphlets? (8)
23 A number of players, male or female, on holiday. (6)
25 Her and his confusion about a major point might decribe some wine. (7)
26 A talk might be organized to bring back the best grade of tobacco. (7)
27 It might be passed in Rhode Island, but more likely it's a fortuitous but beneficial occurrence. (3,2,10)

DOWN

1 See 4
2 Mobile state of a place for experimental study on a parent, as some might say. (7)
3 What is your name, Sir? (It's something that might stick a large number.) (8)
4, 1 down and 12 across Presidential advice for pole-vaulters with sneakers? (4,6,3,5,1, 3,5)
5 Applies an obsolete form when I and Tom get into something of which New York is said to be a big example. (10)
6 Look, bad cuts could be expected from one of those plaguey things! (6)
7 The old governmental agency propaganda is sort of stony! (7)
8 An in-house stratagem—or chicanery during some horse-swapping. (5,2,3,5)
13 Dirt-cheap's the sort of description for one who might get things moving. (10)
16 All tucked in, but about made to go away? Kept away, too! (8)
18 It might prove a military drawback. (7)
20 Ground has to be lost to be so. (7)
21 A schedule of duties for the sailor, if on the first of February. (6)
24 Proving an eastern European is close to a drudge. (4)

PUZZLED?

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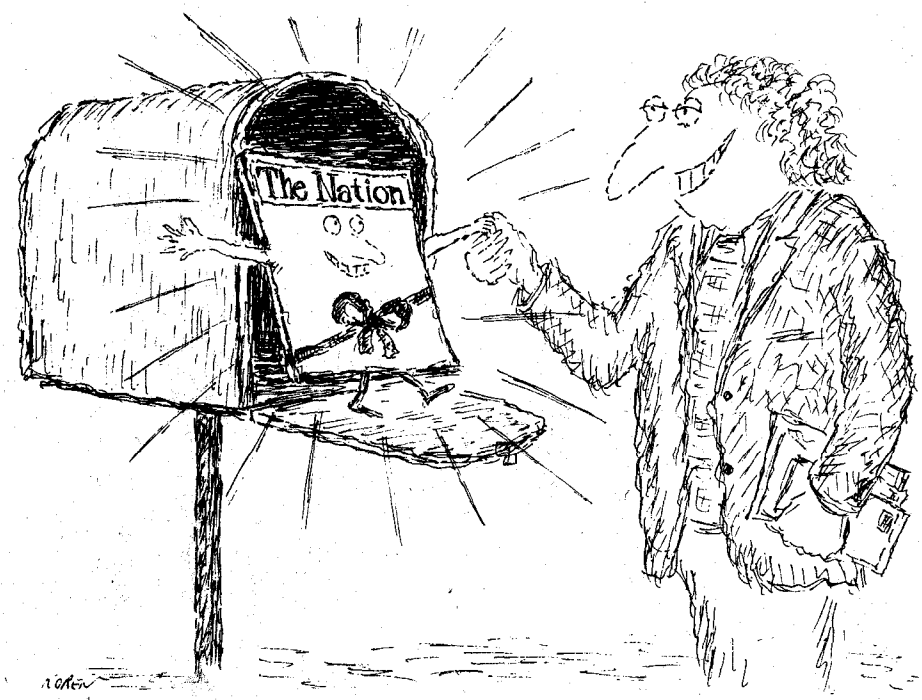

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